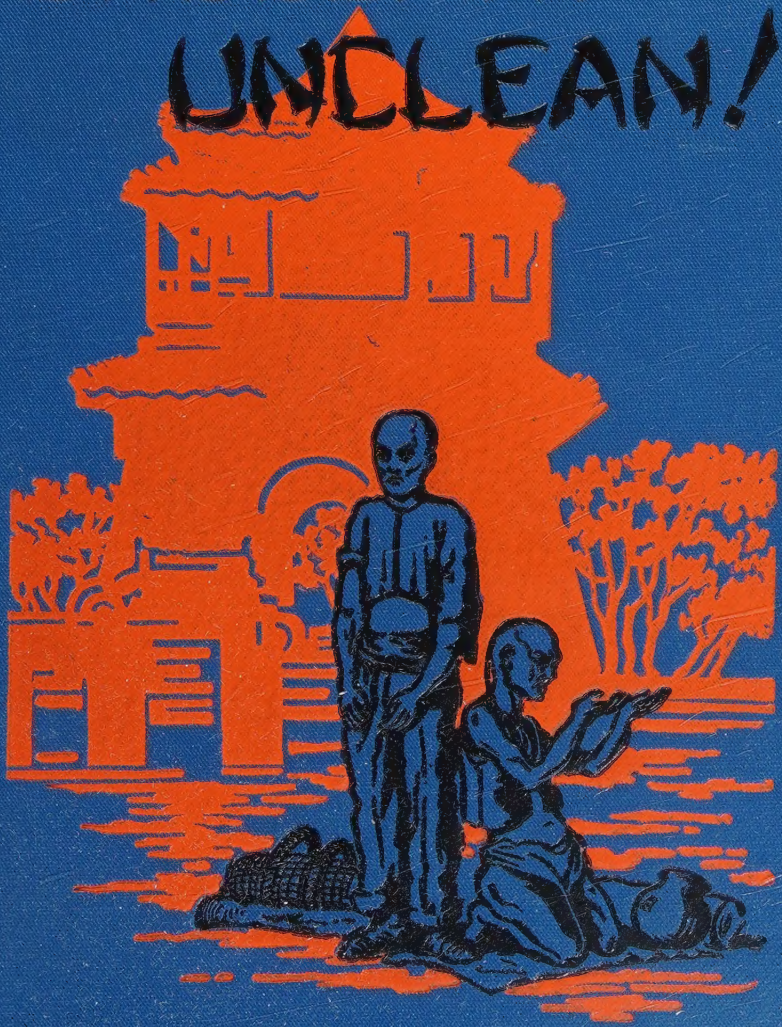
UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!



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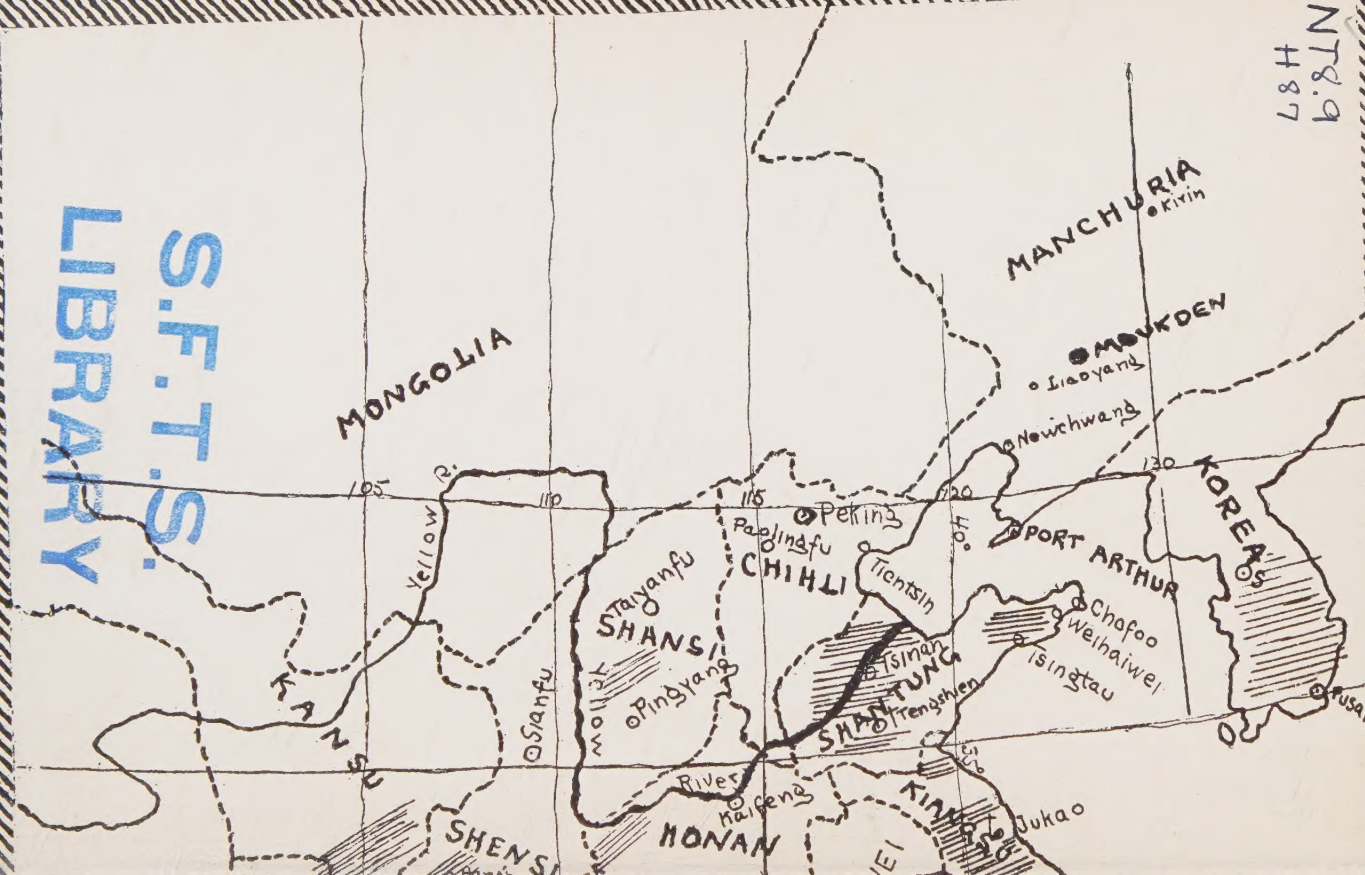

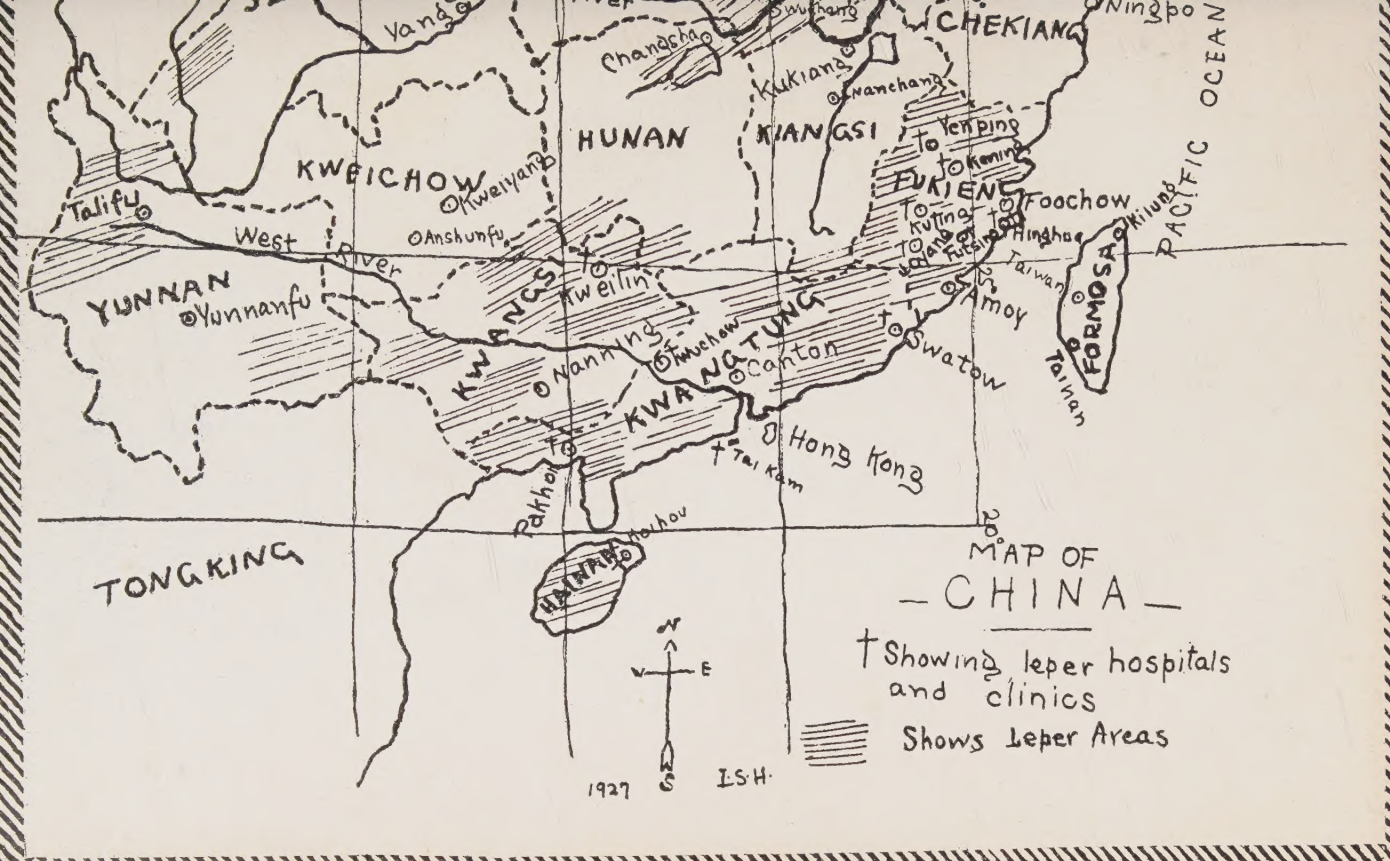
MAP OF
CHINA
† Showing leper hospitals and clinics
Shows Leper Areas
CHEKIANG
Ningpo
Changsha
Wuchang
Kukiang
Nanchang
HUNAN
KIANGSI
Yenping
Kenning
FUKIEN
Foochow
Kilung
Kuting
Hinghua
Fusing
Taiwan
Amoy
FORMOSA
Tainan
PACIFIC OCEAN
KWEICHOW
Kweiyang
Anshunfu
Talifu
West River
YUNNAN
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UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!

Unclean! Unclean!

— OR —

Glimpses *of the* Land Where Leprosy Thrives

— BY —

LEE S. HUIZENGA, M. D., F. R. G. S.
Medical Missionary to China

Smitter Book Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
1927

RC
54
A849
1927

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Grand Rapids, Mich.

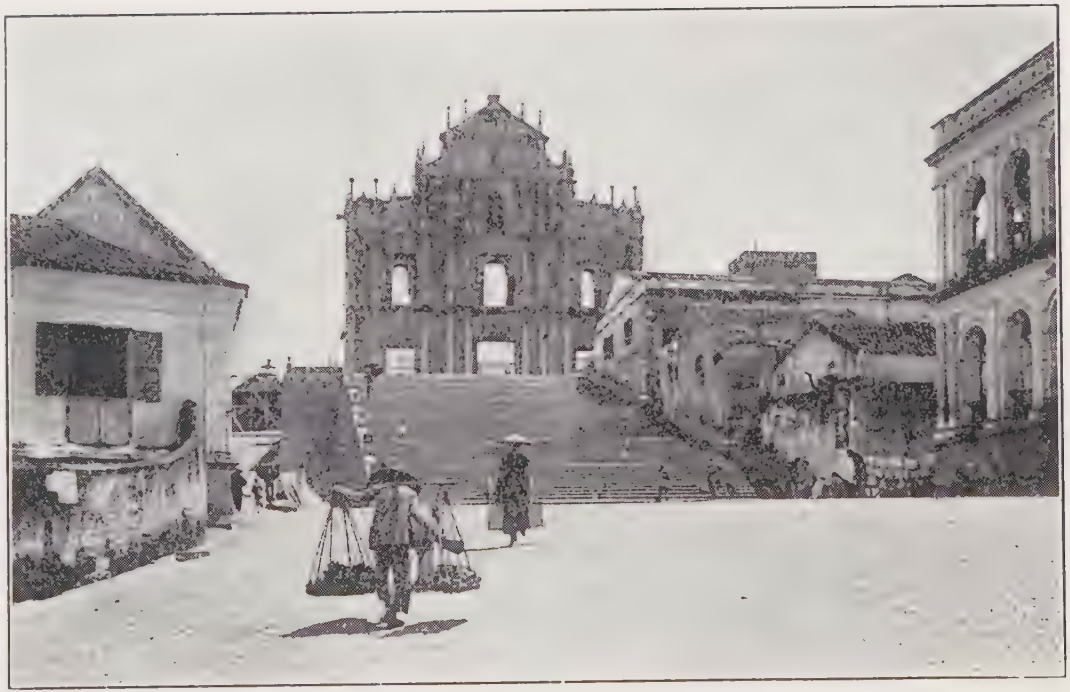
DEDICATED to a cause uniquely christian in its conception, begun by our Lord, sporadically undertaken by the Church, but left largely to us upon whom the end of the ages has fallen, namely, the Cause of Cleansing the Leper.

全圖

主曆一千九百二十七年一月

如皋長老會醫院付印第二版

CITY TEMPLE
CANAL TO HAN TUNGCHOW
CITY CANAL - ALL AROUND THE CITY
EAST
NORTH
SOUTH
WEST
— Notes of Interest —
From East to wall about three li or one mile
The earliest history of Jurao dates back about
900 years with a small village in the S.W.
district called Tang Ka 唐家 village. The
same Ka 家 is in the present name
The first man living in Jurao in said where Chen
Chin De Ku 陳 built a place of ancestral hall
The city has practically no farm land, all land
being used for residences
Temples abound
The water in the city has two water gates
All the canal water in the city is ad-
mitted through these gates.
The walls, several hundred years old
are in a fine state of preservation, is not
wide enough, if paved, for two autos
to pass. Each city gate has two heavy
sets of gates. Old cannon still are
found at the gates. The walls are built
of brick on outside and dirt on inside
The streets are very narrow, not
large enough for an auto. The
streets of Han Tungchow the city are clean and
well kept
To the city are three old graves. At
present all are buried out of town
A complete sewer system draining in N.T.
canal is well kept up and in good order.
Drinking water comes from wells and
outside canals and is boiled before use.



The Ruined Christian Cathedral Inspired an Immortal Song

FRONTISPIECE

THE RUINED CHRISTIAN CATHEDRAL AT MACAO, CHINA

DURING former devastations, this christian edifice was destroyed, leaving the front elevation with the cross as shown in the illustration opposite. This sight inspired Sir John Bowring, LL.D., an eminent christian writer, and composer of music, to compose the hymn of which we quote the first stanza:

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Galatians VI : 14

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FOREWORD

I HAVE been asked to write a book. The publishers really started something in asking me. Solomon says, "that there is no end of writing books"; and I realize full well that, if there is going to be an end to my book writing when this book enters the world, neither the reader, the publisher, nor the author will feel satisfied. For if you cannot write to make people read, you better not write at all. Any man who lives after he writes his first book long enough to write a second, and doesn't write it, has undoubtedly made a failure of his first, or he is making a failure in not writing his second.

Satisfy all people! Who can? I haven't tried. But I have thought of my readers in writing. I have also thought of children, in one part especially, for everyone grows out of childhood, and some grow into it only too soon. In these days people enjoy the thrilling and spicy more than the thorough and beautiful. We are living in a butterfly age, picking the pleasant without a great deal of thought and work put into it.

I realize that part of these pages is going to bore you, because I was bored when I wrote it. Sitting on the promenade deck of a freighter in the Indian Ocean on Memorial Day and near the imaginary line called equator, with four derricks busy loading raw rubber for American tires, and half a dozen men battering against the ship's casing to get the hard paint off, coolies shouting to the top of their voices and mosquitoes biting—I say I was bored. But as this inartistic grated on my high-strung nerves, I only found out afterwards that it was the background upon which the beautiful silence of the quiet afternoon was to be based, when all aboard would rest for their tropical afternoon nap.

In like manner my dry chapters, and they may be more than I anticipate, will help to offset those few pages that may please the reader. That may help the reader to get the message I'm trying to get across, namely, to help the leper in his misery.

In closing, I pray that in these pages I may succeed somewhat to give the reader an inkling of the truth that peace, perfect peace is not found here. I have seen some of this world. I have seen hermits that lived in idealism of other worlds. I have seen materialists that had all that could be desired of this world's goods—all were dissatisfied. I have also seen children of God upon their deathbed with a certainty expressed upon their face, with words of hope on their lips such as admit of no defeat or disappointment.

I have said with Balaam, that my end may be like them, but unlike Balaam I yearned for a life now that must lead inevitably to such a hopeful homegoing, a life with Christ in God.

Sursum corda. Lift up, therefore, your hearts!

Lee S. Huizenga.

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.
Thanksgiving, 1927

A Buddhist and a Christian

PART ONE

THE LAND AND ITS PEOPLE

CHAPTER I

THE LAND

IT IS granted by all historians that the land a people dwell in has a mighty influence upon its development. This granted, the longer one stays in a land, the greater the influence. Time and place, therefore, mould a people. China has withstood time, and this time in but one land. A few outstanding features of the land of Sinim are all-important to get a correct idea of the development of this wonderful people.

Let us begin to say that China as a whole faces the east, the rising sun. It has had one long eastern look. It knows no west outside of its land. Everything it does faces the east. The whole country slopes toward the east. Its rivers have a general course to the east. Its largest and most beautiful cities are toward the east. The masses of its population are in the east. Its granaries are in the east. Its greatest industries are in the east. It is as far east as east goes. Leaving what we call the West,

one first gets to what we call the Near East, then to the East, and, finally, to the Far East, in which China is located. China is as East as East can be!

Does not this have something to tell us as we think of the vast international difficulties that have centered themselves about China, the land of the future? This should not be a hindrance to Christian missions. Christian missions are not local. Christ himself came from above where cardinal points cease, to a world with all of its cardinal points.

China has for ages looked out from its eastern shore upon an ocean which was supposed to have no other shore. This endless expanse of water, now called the Pacific, has in part moulded them. It gave them the sense of security. There were no peoples beyond that sea to trouble them, except who were kin to them and largely influenced by them in the islands, now occupied by the Japanese. The Pacific question is only one of recent significance in Chinese history. This boundless ocean has undoubtedly discouraged the Chinese in ocean commerce. Only the south, owing to its proximity to other lands, became interested in trade with other people.

The backbone of China is in the west. Here you find the high mountain chains, some the highest in the world. Besides, you find just beyond these high mountain ranges vast elevated semi-arid plateaus, which, together with the mountain ranges, become almost unsurmountable barriers to the western

world. Through this background led the highway by which since times immemorial China carried on trade with Turkey, Persia, and the Near East. It is undoubtedly by this path that the first families entered northern and central China at the dawn of history. Later on many foreign influences entered China by this path. Here entered Buddhism, Marco Polo, the business man of Venice, Nestorian and Roman Christianity. And because this was practically the only entrance from the west into China, an entrance so difficult, an entrance made dangerous by native tribesmen, an entrance difficult because of its length of about fifteen hundred miles of largely desert waste, China has always felt its isolation from the rest of the world. This isolation, therefore, from the west meant that China was left alone to develop her own civilization without outside influence. Our western civilization is not our own. It is the result of constant absorption of what we meet in others with whom we are constantly rubbing shoulders. Our western civilization process has never been national, geographical, local, like that of China. This does not say that China's real values of civilization progress are less valuable; it simply means that in relation to other nations, China's civilization is not so well adapted. China has always had its back turned to the world. Were China to remain alone, its unique development would only continue to speak for its racial ability, but it would have to dwell alone—a thing quite impossible in

Dr. Lee S. Huizenga in Korea—A Leper doctor performing his first eye operation.

this present age and time when seas and mountains are no longer barriers to routes of travel and commerce.

This geographical seclusion made the Chinese feel proud of their own achievements. Even if surrounding peoples did subdue them, within a short time the Chinese would subdue the intruders with their language, civilization and spirit. After all, China Proper, or the eighteen provinces, is the real heart of China. The outlying lands, together with Korea and Japan, were so largely influenced by China, that China could boast of being the Middle Kingdom to whom all others gave tribute, and who all accepted in turn, China's arts, literature, religion and government. China assimilated all foreign influence of the surrounding buffer states to such an extent that these in time lost their racial and cultural identity and today form one great combined China.

Together with this rocky background must be mentioned the Great Wall built on the very crest of the mountain range. It was built to keep the invading barbarian from the north out. And to make this invasion even more impossible, several expeditions were sent out to subdue them and make Chinese of them, rather than subservient separate peoples.

Another important geographical feature is that China has important rivers which all, generally speaking, run in an easterly direction. One of these rivers, the Yangtse, is navigable to ocean steamers

from Shanghai to Hankow, six hundred miles into the heart of China, and thence to the west of China for still another few hundred miles. These rivers teem with life. These rivers have been the source of irrigation in China, have given water to thousands of miles of canals, and have by more or less periodic inundations brought fertility to the plains, besides being great commercial routes.

Since these rivers run east and west, water communication between the north and the south has been absent; and owing to this and other reasons, there has been a more or less constant political division between the north and south of China. During the last two hundred and fifty years, since the supremacy of the Manchus, there has been an apparent union between the north and south, which was broken at the time of the rise of the republic in 1911, and is possibly at its height now. By the new modes of communication, such as railroad, steamship and air-travel, as well as by the use of one language, one telegraph and one postal system, the unity of China is assured eventually, we trust.

Finally, China lies about ten degrees farther south than America, giving to the bulk of the country more favorable agricultural advantages. The greater part of China's fertile soil is able, because of its geographical position, to bear almost continuously. As soon as one crop is being gathered another is planted, yea, often one is already far above the ground before the other is harvested. Together with this geographic position comes the monsoon

climate. The big rains in the springtime come with heat, which means exuberant growth of all vegetation.

These geographical peculiarities all help to show that China is above all an agricultural country. The whole economical situation adapts itself to the vegetable kingdom. Although China has mountains filled with coal, petroleum and other minerals, it leaves these treasures practically untouched for posterity. This is the day of the vegetable kingdom's supremacy in China.

It may interest the reader to know that the vegetable kingdom provides the Chinese with the greatest part of its necessities of life. There is probably no variety of vegetation that can be eaten that is not eaten by the Chinese. Wood, bamboo, reed and grasses are used for the manufacture of all kind of household utensils. Chopsticks are made of bamboo, pitch forks are made of artificially trained limbs of trees and afterwards cut. Rakes are made of bamboo split and twisted over a slow fire. Wheels for wheelbarrows and carts are made of wood with but precious little iron in them. The axle is made of wood. Their stoves are made of bricks and clay, while their vessels to prepare food are largely made of earthenware. Very thin iron pans are used in their stoves to cook their rice and vegetables. For fuel they use straw and the leavings of the fields, while the city people import tons and tons of reeds from low places to burn. Instead of wood and coal yards one finds in practically every

city straw yards, where fuel for the kitchen can be bought.

For their clothing Chinese also largely depend upon the vegetable kingdom. Wool is comparatively scarce. Cotton is common and hemp, too, is plentiful. Shoes are made of straw, cotton, silk or leather. China was once the world's cotton market.

Chinese do not use fuel to heat their homes. Instead they put on clothing when it grows cold. In examining my patients I have seen patients open up no less than ten different suits before I could get to their skin. Some of these are heavily padded with cotton or, if the owner is rich, is lined with fur.

The animal kingdom does not abound except for the scavengers. There are no meadows for cattle, hence what water buffalo, goat, bullock or donkey a Chinese may have must be fed along the canal banks and about the farm house. Hogs abound. They can fatten upon less expensive food than any other of the barnyard livestock. Chickens, too, are plentiful, picking up what they can find. All live from the field.

All other industry is but poorly developed compared with agriculture. Fishing may be an exception, for the Chinese are wonderful fishermen; and huge quantities of fish, fresh and salted, are shipped into all parts of China.

Commercially, China has always had some dealings with the outside world, but only by way of two avenues. The northern route was over land, as we mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. It was

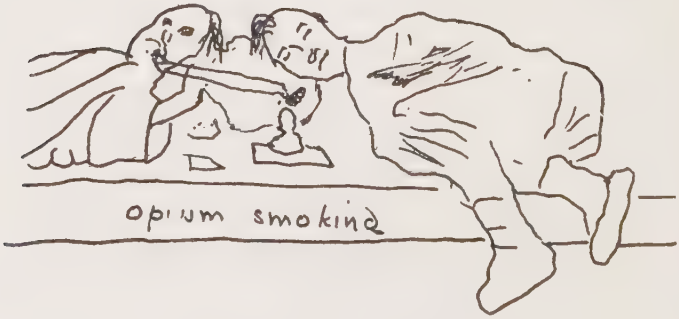
difficult and expensive and never really flourished. To the southern people of China neighboring nations and islands became the bait for casting out the line of commerce across the sea. And for other nations the south was nearer than the north. Trade with foreign countries began in the south and was kept up for centuries almost exclusively with the south. This developed the southern Chinese into a commercial people. The Chinese you find in other lands interested in business are practically all southern Chinese. While in the north only select trade was possible, the south on the other hand imported and exported all kinds of merchandise. The camel train in the north, as well as the long distances, made the transportation of certain products quite impossible, whereas the south could pack as carefully as it liked all its cargo in its seafaring vessels.

Shipbuilding, consequently, was developed in the southeast of China. The quaint Chinese junks, with their forests of masts and sails, with their high poop, their two eyes, and ofttimes gay colors, were from the earliest days even to the present seen in the eastern seas carrying timber, spices, teas, fish, silks and foods to all parts of the orient. These vessels carried whole families, often dog, cat, chickens, ducks, and in some cases even small gardens, with them. The boat population of China numbers millions and is quite distinct from the people on the land.

All these pages go to show the great influence of a land upon the development of a people. Here

in this huge land the Chinese multiplied until their numbers reach about 400,000,000. Here they developed in seclusion and now such a huge nation is suddenly thrown open, as it were, to the influence of the other two-thirds of the human race. That this cannot be met with without a clash one can readily understand.

As far as the disease is concerned, with which our title deals, it is interesting to note that, with all its isolation, leprosy thrived in this land. Even in the days of Confucius, 500 B.C., leprosy was common in China and had then already its peculiar blot of society upon it. And throughout its history China has had people of all ranks suffering from it. Little was apparently done for it, for in common with most Eastern people leprosy was looked upon as a plague sent by God, not to be interfered with and incurable. Consequently lepers were usually sent away from their homes and sooner or later became homeless wanderers sent into the country at large to infect, rather than isolated to die out.



CHAPTER II

THE SCHOLARS

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOLARS

THE Chinese have always divided themselves into the four classes: scholars, farmers, workmen, and merchants, and although China is undergoing a tremendous change, still this classification may hold. The rulers were so special a class that they were not ranked in these classes. They were above class and rank. The Chinese people are fond of their rich historical past, and much of this had to do with a correct understanding of these four classes, as you still find them today.

Of all these classes the first, the scholar class, has undergone the greatest change. To see this change we must study history a bit and see what place education had among the Chinese. I think it can fairly be said that no people revered learning as much as did the Chinese, yet, in spite of all this, China is one of the most illiterate countries of the world. It was possible to be poor in China and yet, because of scholarship, one might belong to the

From the painting by G. Chinnery

Thomas Richardson College, M.D., F.R.S.E.,
Founder of the First Voluntary Hospital established in China—
The Ophthalmic Hospital, Macao.

highest class of society in historic China. Every family, no matter how poor, desired to have some scholar of renown spring from it.

Formerly only a very small percentage of the boys that were fortunate enough to go to school

were allowed to continue their studies for the higher degrees. Each district had its Examination Halls, where, after long years of study, one might go to take government examinations. All such examinations were competitive. The highest degree given by the government was a Hanlin degree, of which there are but very few holders left in China. Was a family proud of a student? A whole clan, or even a province was proud of the Hanlin scholars it had and many honors were bestowed upon them. No young man could enroll for government examination who was not a morally clean young man, who had not a noble character or who had not sprung from choice parentage.

To have become a scholar, to have successfully passed government examinations, made one eligible for public office. If he got no public office, such as that of a magistrate, he could become a teacher of the youth.

His preparation for these government examinations consisted in reading and reciting by the hour the Chinese classic literature and in copying it with a good handwriting. He could write some thousands of Chinese characters and could quote literally much of China's literature, yet his knowledge of modern sciences was but little, almost nil, except by personal observation. It was not required.

A scholar was not supposed to do manual labor. Just as the graduate from Harvard or Yale might wear a button to designate his connection with the university, in like manner such a scholar would

let his finger nails grow long to show thereby that he did not have to work, for a hard working man certainly cannot have long finger nails. I have seen finger nails of at least three inches long and the owner wore a little bamboo case over his finger nail to protect it. See also the picture of Confucius for long finger nails.

For more than twelve hundred years this system of education was in vogue in China. Many an examination hall had seen students go in alive, hopeful of passing their examinations, but failed to see such students come out because of the length and severity of the examinations, or because, having failed, many took their own life rather than be compelled to bear the reproach.

With the introduction of mission schools in China this old system of education was doomed to die. Partial reformation in the educational system proved insufficient. In September, 1905, an imperial edict ordered all the Examination Halls closed and torn down, and modern colleges with western learning to be reared in their stead. Since that day schools of all grades have sprung up under government influence throughout China. The number of pupils has greatly increased and the ideal of the government is to get every child in school.

Where, under the old school, women could not compete in the examinations and could not attend school to any great extent, the new system gives almost an equal place to women. In the olden times the lower schools were largely private with the

exception of the government examinations; the new system is in the hands of national, provincial and district supervisors. The ancient Hanlin degrees can no longer be gotten, but the regular scholastic degrees, such as A.B., A.M., Ph.D., have taken the place of the older ones. The old Chinese school teacher with his wise-looking glasses on has made room for the modern school teacher in China, the old classics and character-writing book for new books.

Today, as before, the Chinese scholars are important. They have changed largely China's attitude toward foreigners and things foreign, and they have done it in a remarkably short time. Many of the present day scholars of China received part of their education in foreign lands. It is a remarkable fact how Chinese students with necessarily limited knowledge of English make exceptionally well in American and European universities and are fast becoming authorities in the specialties of their choice. China still has some grand old scholars who are thoroughly interested in the good of their country, but the day of such scholarship in the future is over. The young scholar, trained in things international as well as national, trained in all sciences as well as literature, has the coming day.

Mr. Danner of the Mission to Lepers, New York, and the author in a group of lepers made cheerful during the Christmas Season

CHAPTER III

THE WORKMEN OF CHINA

CHAPTER III

THE WORKMEN OF CHINA

MILLIONS of Chinese people lie down every night not knowing where their food for the following day is coming from. These millions form the workmen of China. There are today millions of Chinese who do the work done in our country by hundreds of varieties of machines.

Thousands of Chinese workingmen are engaged in carrying things by wheelbarrow from one city to another along a narrow country path. Thousands of Chinese workmen are busy carrying passengers from place to place either by boat, by cart, by chair, by wheelbarrow.

Practically all kinds of work in China is still done by hand, requiring, of course, an enormous lot of laborers. Yet it is hard for a westerner to see why China should need so much hand labor. China has few factories, where many of our laborers find work. China has but 6,000 miles of railway, or one mile to every 50,000 people, while in the United

States we have one mile for every 360 persons; hence the laborers on China's railroads amount to but few compared with our country. China has no mines requiring hand labor.

China's natural waterways give work to thousands of people. Thousands of laborers are used loading and unloading small freight boats that ply between the big cities upon China's wonderful network of canals. Most of these boats are pulled by one to five men, day after day.

The wages for unskilled labor are very low. Fifty cents a day is not at all a low wage at the present time. The scale of wages, however, has gone up greatly in the last few years. In 1923 we paid three dollars Chinese money, or about one dollar and fifty cents American money, for three meals of Chinese food for a month, for each of our hospital employees. At the end of 1926 we were compelled to pay five dollars per employee per month. This gave them three good meals a day for a month. The laboring man would not have to pay that much. His food is coarser and, consequently, cheaper. Many a laborer contends himself with rice and a bit of vegetable and an occasional fish.

The servant class of China belong to this class of workmen. Every home of any standing at all in China has servants, both male and female. It is below the dignity of the middle and higher classes to do manual labor. Women servants, called "amah," attend to the children and women's

quarters, while male servants attend to the gate of the Chinese home, carry the water, serve as cook, as houseboy and personal servant to the men. These house servants are usually well cared for, for even if their wages may not be high, their food is usually what is left from the master's table or, at least is good, while the tips received from guests and hundreds of other sources make up for the low wages.

Every class of Chinese has servants in their employ. It is a great joy to a servant if he has one under him who he can look down upon as a kind of helper, as his servant.

The carpenter has one or more little lads running about him to hand him the saw, to hold a board and to do a hundred and one little things. This little lad is the future carpenter.

Every trade has its apprentices, picked up from the laboring class to work for practically nothing but their rice for a period of four years, when, slowly on, they become recognized as men of the trade and can have their "tutie" or apprentice.

Certain laborers do nothing all their life but push a wheelbarrow carrying heavy loads all day. Long coolie trains are daily seen carrying rice, corn or other merchandise from place to place. The muscular fellows pushing the load through unpaved roads have no easy task, yet twenty miles a day can be made by such a coolie train. At the teahouses on the way they stop for a little tea, for a smoke, and

Publisher's Photo Service

The workmen of China

for a rest and then again off they go to finish their day's run. Even they have their laughs and good times!

In speaking about traveling in China, probably one of the most unique travelers in China is the mailman that carries mail from the farthest railroad station in Honan to the outpost of China in Turkestan, a distance of 2,223 miles. This trip is made by foot, by camel, by boat, by raft, or best he can. He must face brigands, soldiers, and the dangers of nature. He travels some days as much as forty miles with forty pounds of mail over his back. Mail is rarely lost. This is similar to the courier system under the old regime, when the modern postoffice system was not yet known in China.

It is interesting to see the laborer saw heavy logs into boards by hand, to see the brickmakers work in the clay, to see the vegetable picklers prepare "57 varieties" their own way in large establishments, or to see the workers in China's so-called sugar refineries crush the cane, boil the syrup, all in the same way it was done hundreds of years ago. Farmers make use of the servant class in carrying fertilizer from the city or in doing the heavy work in the field. In short, wherever you move in China the servant class is present doing something or seeking to do something.

Publisher's Photo Service

A candy vendor and his fortune wheel. See Head and Feet, Chapter X.

CHAPTER IV

THE MERCHANTS

CHAPTER IV

THE MERCHANTS

IT HAS been said that the Jews, the Armenians, and the Chinese are the best merchants of the world and that of these three the Chinese are pre-eminent. The Chinese are traders by nature. They carry on not only business in their own vast empire, but Chinese wares are seen in all parts of the world and Chinese business men are found in practically all the important centers of the world, especially in the tropical and semi-tropical zones.

Chinese business is not carried on by large stock companies or by great combines. All business is protected by guilds. Such merchant guilds give protection to trade and regulate trade. Each trade, each kind of business, has its own guild, or union as we would probably call them. Such guilds give protection which most of our western governments give to some extent. Apprenticeship, prices, wages, all are determined by the guilds. Each union or guild sees to it that it does only such business as is

allotted to it, hence department stores where all kinds of things can be purchased are not found in real Chinese cities.

Each guild has its own shrine and patron divinity, as well as a guild meeting place, where at definite seasons amid religious and ceremonial observances the business of the guild is attended to—all during the same meetings. As in our unions, guild members help guild members.

Business is entered upon individually or in partnership. The result has been that the Chinese merchant has usually limited his business to one locality, and chain-stores, stock companies, or nation-wide business interests and combines are not known.

The currency used is rather intricate. Its value changes daily. The smallest coin used in China is the cash, a copper coin with a square hole in the center. Formerly it was possible to buy something for a cash, at present it is rapidly falling into disuse. Ten of these cash equal a copper, about 280 coppers equal a Chinese dollar. A dollar still very commonly seen and used in China is the Mexican dollar imported from Mexico. It is worth about fifty cents of our American money. Remember, however, that Chinese money has a different value each day.

The standard silver coin in China is called a tael or an ounce. It is not coined but represents silver of a definite standard by weight.

Credit is extensively used. Three or four times a year, at the time of the feasts, moneys are due and the merchants go out collecting their bills.

Pawnshops are common and are considered proper places to loan money on personal belongings. Large buildings are seen all over China, strongly built, and doing a great business. Goods can be pawned at a certain rate and if not redeemed within a definite time can be sold by the pawn-dealers to others.

An efficient banking system is still in vogue in practically all inland Chinese cities. Moneys can be loaned for short periods, if desired, at a high rate of interest if only good securities are given. Traveling bankers or money lenders are still common.

Generally speaking, Chinese are very honest in their business relationships. Yet it is equally true that he is always trying to get the best of the one he is dealing with. Jacob boasts of his honesty and at the same time he uses all his ingenuity to get out of Laban what he can, and Laban in turn changes his hire over and over. Such is also common in China. False weights, false scales, false currency, false goods—all are common. The servant is forever seeking for tips and for a certain percentage of the money his mistress spends in purchases. The word "squeeze," used commonly in China, is suggestive of what is going on all the time. Everybody is trying his best to squeeze out of the other whatever he can. It is not uncommon for a Chinese to say that

he has not enough money to pay for a certain thing. He lacks probably only one or two cents. Yet he almost insists on taking the goods with him at the price he himself suggested. When he is informed that he has a dime in his ear, he takes it out with reluctance and almost feels he has been cheated out of his money. One can daily see Chinese venders and small dealers have some money tucked in their ears temporarily—like our business man will put his pencil over his ear. Beggars often hide their coins in their mouth.

Chinese stores or shops are not all one-price stores. Usually you can bargain with the dealer for a lower price. Some shops have a sign out stating that they are only "one-price stores." All others you do wise to bargain. If the merchant starts his price at one dollar, you start out at about one-half a dollar. He will come down and you will have to go up before the goods become yours and the money becomes his.

Hair Cuts of Various Kinds

CHAPTER V

THE FARMERS

CHAPTER V

THE FARMERS

THIS is probably the largest group, and probably the oldest group in China. From the farmhouse the nation sprang. If China could be traced to its origin, as a stream to its spring, one would see somewhere in the land now called China a large family securely nestled in a fertile spot with a patriarchal head that ruled all the family affairs, with many sons manifesting every talent necessary to the proper tilling of the field, preparing the essentials of the family-community, protecting it against wild animals and intruders, developing the delicate touches of human art which are so essential to a pleasant home. China's four classes of today are still found, at least theoretically, in each home. Every countryside likes to boast of scholars that have sprung from their community, it prides itself of good artisans, and it realizes at times the need of armed force, even though no Chinese holds the soldier in great

respect until such a soldier has become a leader or has shown his ability. And what can be done on the farm without the workers?

The farmhouse, therefore, is oldest in China. Shortly after the pagoda, called the Tower of Babel, was built in the Near East, the Chinese farmer began to plough his field in the Far East and, meeting with monstrous difficulties, he began, after years, to build his pagodas to the dragons of the deep and of the air, to seek fertility, rain and sunshine.

China has realized, as no other nation, the value of the farmer. His business was the foundation upon which all trade and life rests. In China this foundation was made broad and deep. Uninterruptedly, farming has been going on for over twenty centuries upon the same soil where today the best crops are raised. No other land can claim such distinction.

The Chinese themselves speak of Emperor Shen Nung, dating back to the pre-patriarchal times, as the one who greatly improved farming methods by inventing the plow. It was then made of wood and still is today, although it has now a detachable blade of iron which, when dull, can be sharpened and when worn out or broken can be replaced.

That the Chinese emperors thought a great deal of the farmers, and the farmers in turn of the emperors, is seen in the fact that at the capital of China, Peking, a large temple of agriculture is found, where up to the time of the republic in 1911, the emperor worshiped yearly at the time of the

spring sowing, accompanied by rural representatives from all over the land.

The land originally belonged to the emperor, at least nominally. Much of it was community land and still you find such land. As early as 220 B.C., under Emporor Chin Shih Huang Ti, private ownership of land became common. Today farms can be rented and with consent of a family council can be transferred in ownership to others.

Taxes on farmlands have never been excessively high and until the date of the birth of the republic was fixed by law, even as far back as the days of Emperor Kang Hsi, in 1711 A.D., when he had successfully ruled fifty years. He decreed that, since the number of people would increase but not the land, the land tax should remain the same forever—and even to this day the farmer's land tax is kept low.

The success of the Chinese farms depends primarily upon the Chinese farmer. He is painstaking, patient, untiring in his effort to get out of the land what he can. He has thought out, throughout the ages of farming in China, methods very inexpensive in themselves that keeps the land primed to its highest productivity. The Chinese have methods of irrigating, fertilizing and reclaiming all of their own.

Practically all work is done by hand. Tradition, cheap labor, economic conditions, all encourage the Chinese to do what they can with their own strength. A cow or water buffalo, probably a don-

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The Fisherman at work with his cormorants.

key, or even a combination of two, is used to pull his plough and drag his field. His planting, cultivating, harvesting and threshing, yea, even his milling is done by hand or by his animal and is done well. His home, barn and granary are all of the simplest structure, occupying as little as possible of the precious soil upon which he makes his living. His farm implements are hand made and can be carried on the farmer's back from the field to his home. Not seldom does one see a farmer returning home with his plough over his shoulder and his beast of burden beside him.

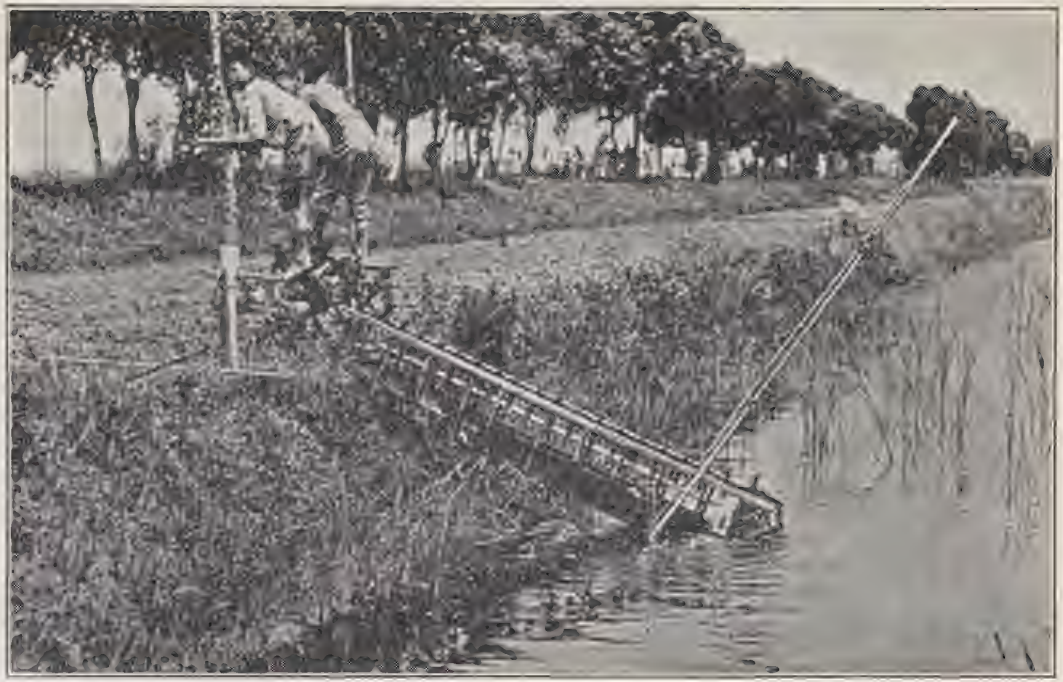
The average Chinese farm is small. In South China one-sixth of an acre will support one person, two acres will keep a family with a balance. To own a farm of a hundred acres means nothing less than wealth and it is either rented out to various farmers or a goodly number of servants are required to work it. In the north the farms are larger and less crops are raised because of the cold winters, but even there a family can live comfortably in Chinese style on the receipts of a five-acre farm.

The Chinese have learned throughout the centuries the art of fertilizing their fields and rotating their crops in such a way that the crops raised in a year are little less than miraculous. The Chinese virtually draw the crops out of the ground. Nature comes in to help them, for the summers are usually hot and moist, causing the crops to live practically under hothouse conditions.

All kinds of things are used for fertilizers. Where our big western cities pour out millions of dollars of good fertilizers through its sewers into the rivers, lakes and seas, the Chinese carefully collect all the human excreta and carry it to the farms where large cisterns are built in which to store it and from which the fields are carefully fertilized. All the ashes, leaves and decayed vegetable matter is also carefully stored away as dry fertilizer and used. At certains times of the year the canals are dug out and the fertile slime like that of the Nile is carried over the fields. When the crops are growing the Chinese farmer is seen with a bucket of fertilizer and a scoop, feeding every plant just a little.

Irrigation is also highly developed in the country. By means of treadmills or watermills the water is taken from canals or rivers and brought to a higher level to flow over fields and thus insure against the summer dry season. Rice fields are put under water in like manner. Some of these treadmills are operated by men, some by an ox or mule, and some by the flowing stream itself. It is wonderful to see the Chinese bring their water up to the hillsides by this irrigation system.

The rice fields are beautiful. After a field is carefully prepared and put under water the young rice plants are all transplanted by hand from the hotbeds in which the seed is allowed to spring up. By carefully preparing and fertilizing the hotbed for the rice to sprout the Chinese can raise in about one



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Watering their fields by treadmill

and a half months enough rice plants in one acre to fill ten acres of rice. In the meantime the nine acres can be used for six weeks for other crops to ripen. If you remember that rice is the staple article of food, that rice fields form about one-eighth of the total cultivated area, that the Chinese raise enough rice to satisfy four hundred millions of mouths daily, and have supplied China for probably 3,000 years and more, the Chinese rice fields become immensely interesting. These fields are of all sizes. Some of these rice fields are little larger than a room in your house and all are surrounded by a little dam about a foot high so that the water will not flow off.

Seldom do you see a straight furrow in China, and equally seldom a square paddy field. Like every path and road, canal and trail, the farmer's furrow is curved or crooked, yet there is similarity in the furrows of each separate field.

In the north of China, kaoliang is an important crop. The leaves are used for matting; the stems for roofs, fences, fuel; its seeds, the millet, is used for food and is fermented to make wine. Rice, too, is fermented to make wine. Beans of all kinds, sweet potatoes, peanuts, corn, wheat, melons of many varieties and vegetables are the most common produce in the line of foodstuffs. Sugar cane is raised extensively in the south. Cotton is common in various sections of China.

Tea raising in China dates back to the beginning of our Christian era. It has always been one of China's best exports.

The silk trade is a peculiarity all of its own. Express boats and trains now carry silks from Shanghai to New York in less than a month. The silkworms which produce the silk eat mulberry leaves. The growing of mulberry trees, therefore, becomes worth while only for the sake of the silk trade. As it takes 123 pounds of mulberry leaves to feed enough worms to produce one pound of silk, it requires acres and acres of mulberry trees in China to feed the millions of worms. These mulberry orchards are so arranged by the farmer that he can plant between the trees other crops and thus his field is able to produce enough to make the cultivation profitable.

Cattle are not raised except for use in plowing the field, as pasture does not abound. Hogs are plentiful and when fattened are carried to market on wheelbarrows, in boats or fastened alive to a bamboo pole and carried by two men in this way to the market. They are delivered alive to the meat markets. As the Chinese markets use no ice and sell nothing but pork, the pig is freshly killed every day to insure fresh meat. The meat market as seen on the main streets of the Chinese cities contains a pigpen in the rear, a slaughtering house in the center and a retail counter in the front. You buy a strip of pork

which is tied by a straw and handed unwrapped in paper for you to carry home.

Millions of acres of fertile land could still be found if only ways and means could be found to prevent the floods so common in certain parts of China. Young China is awakening to such possibilities and already many young agricultural experts are busy devising plans to redeem land once flooded.

Yet at the same time land is constantly reclaimed from the sea and rivers by the old methods, or by the combined old and new methods. It is wonderful to see the old Chinese dikes to keep the sea out, to see large stretches of land just reclaimed and become more fertile year by year and, consequently, more valuable.

CHAPTER VI

CHINESE WOMEN

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CHINESE WOMEN

HINESE women—do I know them? What an assumption it would be to say so. Who knows a woman? It has been my good blessing to live with a woman (although I never call her such) for nearly two fleeting decades, and I'm only beginning to know some of her love, her beauty of character, her unfathomable self. I have experienced her kind and restraining hand at one time and her supporting hands at another time in the pursuit of my ideals. A real woman is wonderful.

No, I don't know Chinese women, although I have seen them in my seven years' stay in China in many ways. Seven is considered a number of perfection and completion, and for that reason some mission boards have expected their missionaries to stay seven years, only to see them changed radically when they returned for their furlough. It is supposed, as you know, that one becomes an all-

changed man every seven years of one's earthly existence.

However, I have in these seven years of contact seen Chinese women, professionally, at home and on the street. I have seen them sick and well. I have seen them dead and alive. I have seen them dressed and naked. They have prayed to me for help. I have heard them scold till they were white in the face. I have seen them in my office and in their inner rooms. I have heard their heart throbs and have felt their pulse beat. I have, in fact, seen their insides and their outside, and yet—how meager can be my description of a Chinese woman.

Generally speaking, women are interesting wherever you find them. There is something especially charming among the women of the East, probably because they are so different.

Who can forget the first veiled woman he has seen in Moslem lands? How beautiful the dark eyes are socketed behind the blackened eyelashes and eyebrows. How these eyes sparkle over the black veil covering head and face with the exception of those eyes. The eyes of the face are the lights of the face. To keep the eyes uncovered keeps the lights of the face uncovered. Whatever may have been Mohammed's idea in commanding the veil for married women, if he chose the veil as the average Moslem I have seen wears, he certainly was not void of the sense of beauty.

The stately carriage of the well-dressed Javanese lady, as she moves gracefully and noiselessly upon

her bare feet to and fro, cannot escape the attention of the tourist.

The butterfly-like women of Japan, dressed in gay colors, and tripping back and forth in their quaint covering; for their feet have a charm all of their own as they squat down upon their clean floors, even though their gait may seem less graceful to you as you meet them on the street.

And what about the women of China? They, too, have their charm. They love to dress well, to be considered beautiful. They spend their time at their little vanity boxes, with powder and paints and hair dressing implements.

A description of Chinese women must necessarily begin with Chinese girlhood and infancy. What nation has not its cradle, what people has not its infancy. In the child is the future woman. Was not every woman, no matter how wonderful and skillful, at one time a little helpless babe? And when she comes into the Chinese world she is usually far less welcome and respected as when she has grown to an old mother, grandmother or great-grandmother of a countless progeny. For every five boys two girls is a fair ratio for happiness in China. If the little girls come without bringing brothers they are very unwelcome. Not a few of such little ones have never been washed of their blood and left to die. Another large per cent is given away as soon as possible or, finally, land in the orphan asylum. Over and over little girls have been offered us as we attended their mothers when

the little unwelcome visitor made her first appearance. Frequently we have seen mothers, the grandmothers, the fathers so angry when a girl came instead of a boy, that they would not speak to us on leaving, but went off into another room to give vent to their disappointment.

If the little one is welcome she is well cared for by the rich, but not always so by the poor. Poor people often sell their little girls for slaves to richer families, where they may grow up happy or may spend their days in misery. Others again are sold for evil purposes or rented out as it were for a few years, then to return to their former parents or owners for another bargain.

It is possible in China to rear a girl in your home for your son's wife. Such a girl can be bought when young, be brought up almost as a daughter and later on be given in marriage to the son of the home. Recently we were called by a Christian Chinese to officiate at just such a marriage.

Early in life the Chinese girls of a few years ago had their feet bound. It was only a few years ago almost universal in China, and although it is not practiced any more today to any extent, the thousands and thousands of Chinese women who still have bound feet today and cannot undo them, are reaping the bitterness of such an age-old, yet apparently cruel custom. The Chinese women were fond of small feet and considered it ill-bred to have unbound feet. No religious motives seemed to have been back of this custom and it really seems strange

how a cruel custom like this could have bound the women of China for so many hundreds of years.

The girl grows up in the routine of her home life. She is usually not sent to school, although of late years there is a wonderful change coming in favor of the school girl. Yet by far the greater number of her sisters even today never see the inside of a school. A girl is raised not for her intellect, but for her looks. A young Chinese girl is clothed well, wears rings, earrings, bracelets, uses perfumes and powders, and if she is of the age to be given in marriage, this will all help her to a good engagement. After marriage the daughter belongs to the family of the one she marries, therefore, the parents worry more about getting their girls looking good for marriage than for an education which brings only good to the family she marries into.

After engagement the girl is not as free as before. It becomes "inconvenient," as the Chinese say, for her to go out; for it would be improper to meet members of the family she is to marry into after her engagement.

Marriage days are frequently days of tears for the bride. She is brought into the home of her husband and becomes part of that home from that day.

Every Chinese home longs for sons, and happy is the Chinese woman who has several. If no children are born, frequently a second wife, or even a third is taken. It is very common for the more well-to-do to have more than one wife. The different women may live in the same home and raise

Pilgrims visiting Tien-Chuk Temple at Hangchow

their families together, or they may live in different homes. The second wife is called the "little wife"; and the first remains the virtual mistress of the house, especially if she has borne children.

The farmers' women are hardworking wives; the city women, or the rich, idle away their time in some fancy work. The mother-in-law usually rules the household. She is usually very exacting of her daughter-in-law and is apt to be called cruel because of it, yet the Chinese believe in having someone at the rudder of the family ship.

Chinese women according to ancient Chinese philosophy are to be subjected. The Yin, or female principle, is said to be the cause of death and evil; the Yang, the male principle, is said to be the cause of life and prosperity, and everything in life comes from this dualism. The Chinese woman therefore submits theoretically to her husband and seeks her joy in his joy, her greatness in his. She remains his even after his death and is not to marry again; but rather offers sacrifices to him by her male descendants. Real intimate she does not become with her husband. She lives with women, tells all her secrets to women, walks with women, talks with women, lives in women's quarters.

It is not an uncommon thing to see widows' arches in the Chinese countryside. And what are they? These are built in commemoration of a noble life lived by a dutiful wife, who reared a large family, who respected her husband in his life and after his death, who remained single after her hus-

band's death and has brought up her numerous offspring virtuously. There is, therefore, honor to true womanhood in China. The great respect with which children treat their mothers, and especially when they grow old and feeble, is an additional reason for believing that the Chinese woman's life is not only misery. Ofttimes the pictures of departed mothers are placed side by side with those of deceased fathers and worshiped by the dutiful children. Thus a life begun as an unwanted baby girl can end in happy old age and sacred memories for centuries to come.

For the life to come neither man nor woman has a blessed hope. The woman is expected to be of service to her husband, also in the world to come. Christ has a wonderful message for womanhood and childhood, as well as for manhood. It is not simply that of emancipating womanhood from its sorrows, but of establishing sanctified relationships between the members of the family. With the high respect the Chinese have for parents and the home, Christianity comes in with its unifying influence. Christianity brings in love, so frequently lacking in a Chinese home. Christianity establishes the place for both male and female in such a way that neither the one is complete without the other, and that neither one is complete without Christ.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT THE CHINESE BELIEVE

CHAPTER VII

WHAT THE CHINESE BELIEVE

AT THE age of 72, died quite forsaken, practically as an outcast, a man who later on by imperial edict was made a god, and is today worshiped by a greater number of people than any other human being. This man is China's greatest sage, philosopher, statesman—Confucius.*

His grave is with us even to this day. In the quiet plains of the Shantung province, Confucius was born in the year 551 before Christ. His mother, like Abraham's Sarah, is reported to have been past the age of bringing forth children, hence his birth has something miraculous in it.

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*Confucius is derived from Kung and "fu." "Fu" means master, Master Kung, therefore. He not only was called Master, but realized also that to respect others properly, he, too, had to be respected. He believed that everyone should be duly respected in the position in which he was called; parents as parents; princes as princes; teachers as teachers. On the other hand each one should live up to the high moral standard required of him by the position he held in society.

At the age of fifteen he began to study. At the age of nineteen he entered upon an unsuccessful matrimonial career.

At an early age he began to do official work and although he became a great teacher, he always was controlled more or less by the spirit of an official. His teaching, his entire thought had running through it the idea that everything in learning, in art, in business, in society must serve the one aim of life for which we were brought into the world; namely, to be of service to society.

Thus his teaching resembled Calvin's teaching somewhat, although Calvin's aim was infinitely higher; namely, to honor God in the service of society. Confucius had no clear conception of God, although he believed in a ruling Providence.

After several public offices, Confucius became prime minister in his native state. When after years of service he found that his prince was given up to sensuality and neglect of state affairs, Confucius considered his work at court done. He deplored the disorders of the day so much that he resigned in order that he might gather students together to imprint in their minds and lives the high ethical and moral standards in which he saw salvation for the individual as well as for society. His students were carefully chosen; and his aim was to produce out of them, men of cultured character willing to serve the state. He says: "I do not open up the truth to one who is not eager to get knowledge, nor help out any one who is not anxious to explain himself.

When I have explained one corner of the subject to any one, and he cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat the lesson."

Thirteen years he spent in wanderings and in teaching hundreds of students that eagerly gathered about him. His last five years were spent in literary labors.

Confucius was a formalist. He was no religious reformer, but rather a social reformer. He formulated a negative Golden Rule. "Order," he says, "is heaven's only law."

Confucius was a man of remarkable ability but his hyperindividualism and great sense of justice, his keen moral insight and high purpose of life, together with his passion for real service to the state by raising the moral life of society, brought him in disrepute in the days of sensuality in which he was living. Few followed his leadership. A real leader must have followers, but it is quite possible, yea, it is even common, that great leaders get their following after they have passed away for years. Such, too, was the case with Confucius. Few were his followers in life. Realizing that his ideals were worth following, he was compelled to suffer disappointment as the reward. This disappointment was the sacrifice Confucius had to make. Sacrifice, really, is suffering made holy to a certain cause. Confucius remained faithful to his country, worked out his principles, even against all opposition, with more precision. He taught even though his teaching was not received; and worked out the ethical

principles, for which he became deified afterward, during periods when all must have seemed dark to him. Yet during such darkness the real prophet has joy in spreading light. There is a secret, an inward joy when a man feels he is persecuted, is hated, is thrust out because his superior qualities cannot be borne by his antagonists. Even if Confucius was a super-individual, it was just because of this that he was misunderstood where he should have been followed. A man with more individualism about him than his neighbors stands out among them, is looked upon with jealous eyes by those who cannot attain to such heights of vision, to such great accomplishments and the result is as was with Confucius; hatred leading to ostracism. How keenly he must have felt his disappointment when his superiors drove him from the land. Yet how perfectly wonderful he behaved himself. Just at such times of ostracism one becomes liable to lose his self-control, to say and do things highly blamable. Confucius controlled himself; knowing that since he fought for what he believed was right, and for what people in the future would believe was right, all would eventually come out right. His was the prophetic view. He was farsighted. His farsightedness saw farther than all the nearsightedness of his day put together. He claimed no originality for himself but desired to interpret the best of the past teaching of China's scholars; and upon his interpretation scholars of the following ages moulded themselves.

Mencius, born in 372 B.C., an ardent scholar of Confucius, but at the same time an independent thinker, was not as conservative as his master. While Confucius held one should at all hazards seek to obey his superiors, Mencius said the subject had a right to rebel against his prince. Mencius is frequently quoted in these years of revolution and strife in China.

The teaching of Confucianism deals with ancestral worship and social rules. Rites and rights dominate China today, because of Confucius' teachings. Marriages, funerals and all state ceremonies are controlled largely by Confucianism. It is based upon what is found in the Five Books collected by Confucius. These five books are:

1. Book of History
2. Book of Odes
3. Book of Filial Piety
4. Book of Changes (Philosophy)
5. Book of Rites

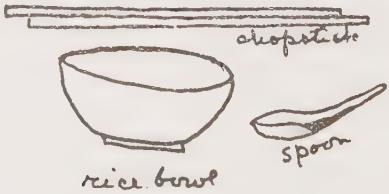
Confucianism lacks the teaching of the hereafter. It has little to say on prayer although Confucius admired and carefully studied the traditional prayer of the emperor once a year for all his people.

What Confucianism lacked was filled in by the people in nature worship and later by Buddhism imported from India. Buddhism supplies the emotional and gives the people something to pray to and a form to pray in. It teaches also a future life and a heaven and hell of some sort.

Taoism is a quietistic pantheism. Its founder, Lao-tze, is supposed to have been born 604 B.C., and was a seeker after "The Way," called "Tao" in Chinese. He never found *The Way*, but did formulate some way to happiness. His treatise on "The Way" is very short. It can be read in less than an hour, but its philosophical thought has given to Chinese religion that which Confucianism lacked. It was too abstract and gradually degenerated into a system of superstition and witchcraft.

Today you find Chinese believing partly in all three religions. The scholars attend the two sacrifices to Confucius each year. All Chinese hold to Confucian rites while many call in Buddhist priests for one ceremony and Taoist priests for another. Chinese religion of today is not clear-cut. It is hard to understand as it is a combination.

Not frequently we find Chinese also willing to become Christians, while at the same time they wish to retain what is useful to them in the other religions. Religion to them is like having possession; the more you have and the greater the variety, the happier you may become.



PART TWO

IN AND AMONG THE PEOPLE

CHAPTER VIII

JUST TO INTRODUCE YOU

CHAPTER VIII

JUST TO INTRODUCE YOU

IN TAKING you with me among the Chinese, I don't want you to think that I know it all, or that I know at all anything of this strange people. I have heard it said of old residents in China that they were only students, and hence, my observations can only be those of a freshman. But, you know, freshmen are usually interesting because they think they know it all, and they sometimes make a wonderful attempt to say what they think they know. And such an attempt I may now be about to make.

Remember as we go on that we are living as strangers among a people, who by virtue of their isolation of more than three thousand years, by reason of their ancient culture and civilization have developed into a people radically different from our own, so much so that it becomes almost impossible to give anything but a fair, anything but a complete, an honest description of them. At best one can

write as it seems to him at the time of writing. Later on he may realize he misinterpreted. It is striking how the newcomer in China, and especially the missionary enthusiast, is inclined to believe everything the Chinese say; to fall in love with them as it were; write glowing letters home of great crowds of wonderful meetings of apparent conversions—only to be sadly awakened after bitter experiences.

So complex and so fundamentally different is everything Chinese, that I do not try in any way to follow any logical order or any complete picture of Chinese life. The world itself could not contain its books, I trow.

Besides, I do not expect that all who have with me seen the moon wax and wane a few times in China will agree with all I say. We all have our horizon. We all have our senses unequally developed. A man who comes to China with a keen sense of smell is certainly better able to write of his impressions than one who has not that gift. And who would dare to write an article on a Chinese feast without a keen taste. I want to say that you need all your special senses at work, together with a lot of common sense to make any kind of a sensible description of this of all peoples most unique.

The few things I relate in the following small chapters give not only a glimpse of some Chinese ways, but also the reaction of your friend, an American.

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT FROM THE CHIEF OF THE THIEVES

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT FROM THE CHIEF OF THE THIEVES

IT WAS Chinese New Year's day. A man came to our house dressed in very shabby clothes. Beside him was a still fiercer looking person carrying a tray with one ham and two neatly wrapped packages. The packages were wrapped in red paper and had New Year's greetings on them. They evidently were intended for a present.

I was called to the door by the servant and recognized the one man as the night watch, the other as his helper. If I should begin to tell you all the things I have heard in China about these night watchers, you would probably have bad dreams tonight. As far as I am concerned no night watch has ever disturbed my peace in China. Some say he is the head of the thieves and divides the spoil with them. Some say the thieves have to register with him before he will allow them to steal. It may all be so, it may not be so; I know he usually looks bad enough to be accused of any such things. I also

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A Farmer preparing his field.

know that once a month I put two dimes in his hands to protect me from thieves and to announce the hour of the night by his cymbal. When I lie worrying on my bed in the night about those little insignificant mission matters that every real missionary knows about, I say, as I toss about, "Watchman, what of the night?" And in the distance I hear the sound, "the fourth watch has arrived." The sound comes nearer and nearer, passes my door only to vanish in absolute silence. The fourth watch has passed—when the break of day?

Well, let me go on with my story. This well-known Chinese character, sleeping on his straw bed in the city gate with one of his satellites, and possibly one or more beggars or lepers, has come to my door to wish me a Happy New Year and to present me with a ham and a gift of I know not what. I looked at the tray upon which he carried it; I looked at the man. I felt it could not be true that I was so respected, that even this humble "thief-head" was "praying me a New Year," and giving me a present.

That Chinese servant of mine, not all intellect, not all wisdom himself, came to my help. Let me tell you, these Chinese servants are wonderful. Wonderful in too many ways to relate. They know all things, believe all things, hope all things, and never fail to offer suggestions. Well, to say no more about servants, for words would fail me to describe in their length and breadth, in their height and depth the possibilities in Chinese servants—my servant came to me and suggested that

the whole affair was false, that the ham was not for me, nor the neatly packed package, that this man's greeting had no other motive than to get some money. My eyes opened. The watchman who came to wish me a Happy New Year changed in my vision to one who wanted naught but money—a beggar chief. A common experience in China when guests come to your door and ask your welfare.

I bowed to him as to a king. King he is, the people say. King of the thieves—give to Caesar, then, what is Caesar's. I said I bowed, and in my stammering Chinese I wished him a "rooster" instead of a "Happy New Year." Those of you who know a little Chinese will know how such is possible, the two words sound so much alike. The Chinese word for the New Year's greeting is "kong chi" and for a rooster it is practically the same with so slight a tone variation that we foreigners frequently use the one for the other, especially since we buy chickens almost daily and the New Year's greeting comes but once a year.

The king of thieves, the watchman of the night, still lingered. Was I going to give him a "kon chi," a rooster? Tax I should pay, if he is a king. I realized my debt. I pulled out a coin, dropped it in his dirty appendicies and off he went, promising me another year's protection of the ravages of thievery.

Will I ever know this people?

CHAPTER X

CHINESE—HEAD AND FEET

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FORTY-EIGHT summers ago, in the village of Ferwerd, Netherlands, in an old house still standing among the landmarks of that old village, an old grandmother wrapped me up in her woolen apron. It was only one of the many little things for which grandmothers, for which old age is noted to children. There are attractive little things in grandma's pockets; there is such solid comfort in grandma's embrace when mother has the strap ready for a reckoning. Those stories grandma can tell never get old, and when the gloomy night comes, and the child's sins of the day seem to rise up against him, and the bed seems so spooky, how consoling to see granny's gray head bending over her Bible, or her hands folded in prayer, to hear the little ones pray as they say:

> "Here I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
> If I may wake another day to see,
> I promise Lord a better boy to be.
> All this I ask for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There is something unique in those childish prayers. And among the unique things is this: that they like to have their mother, or better yet, their granny "hear" prayer. They want a visible ear to whisper into. They discern not always spiritual things—especially when their sins of the day were many.

China is no exception. Like an old grandmother's treasures attract children in America, in the same way do they in China.

What child knows not of a Chinese "pigtail" as it is usually called? How can the average child in foreign lands picture a Chinese except with a long braid of hair hanging down his back, even to ankles? It is called a *queue.*

Now why do the Chinese have these braids? Young girls have beautiful, long and thick black braids hanging down their back. They spend much time combing and dressing their hair. They wash and oil their hair; they tie beautifully varied colored strings about their hair; they powder their sweet faces and when they grow older shave their foreheads—all to be pretty. And pretty they are! What looks prettier on a woman's head than hair? In Holland they put gold on their head, the Mohammedan puts a shawl over her head, the queen has a crown, some now wear a "shingle," or some such thing, but those beautiful Chinese girls wear real long hair, well cared for—and they are too nice for anything. It seems so natural for

girls to have long beautiful hair; it is a crown to them.

But not only do women wear long hair—you expect that! But men, even, wear long hair. Hair is not only a crown of beauty, but a sign of strength. There is something masculine in hair—at least when found in the proper place. Think of the lion's hoary mane and long whiskers! The Chinese men generally are not richly supplied with such hair; a makeup what we usually call beard and mustache. And yet, how the Chinese longs for a full beard and mustache. He may not be supposed to have it till he is about forty, probably because the average does not get it by that age, even with the greatest care and nurture. The late arrival of the hair on the face may have something to do with the desire of the Chinese to keep his braid.

This Chinese braid is useful. When their quarrel ends in a hand to hand fight, the braid is a much coveted thing to get hold of by the opposing party. On windy days the braid is used to tie the headdress down, and the loose hairs can be sold on the street to hair dealers, who make braids out of them or probably manufacture hair nets for fashionable European and American ladies.

But these are all minor things. The queue, or braid, worn by men was formerly a sign of bondage. Then it grew into a mark of distinction. Now it is fast becoming a mark of antiquity. Don't think they are gone, but like the bald man's hairs,

Confucius, born 551 B.C. China's Great Saint.
See Part 1, Chapter 2.
Note the scholar's long fingernails.

they are going, soon to be gone. I have helped to take them off in the hospital. Long did we keep one as a curio, but even curios and antiques become commonplace to one who has to see them everyday; and with all the things we recently had to leave behind in China we also left the Chinese braid of our patient.

Some Chinese who had their braids cut off still kept it on hand to wear at certain occasions, or to keep it for emergencies. I know of a man who had his hair cut because he was working for a foreigner, but as soon as the foreigner could not use him and he went back to the farm, back was his braid on his head.

Another interesting thing that comes from hoary China is the bound foot. Probably some missionary or a missionary magazine has told you that Chinese did not bind feet any more. Be not deceived. Bound feet are still legion. Missionaries are very enthusiastic sometimes over the results of their work, and part of these results is to rid China of the bound feet. In their propaganda speeches delivered on deputation work, they may have told you that there are no bound feet. Missionary magazines are either written by or for missionaries, hence it is but natural that much should be made of the unbinding of feet as result of the mission work.

True it is that at present children's feet are not bound as much as formerly, and that means that eventually the foot binding custom will disappear in China.

What then is a bound foot. It means that the mother takes a long bandage and wraps up the toes and foot of the small child so tight that the foot gradually becomes deformed, giving the appearance as the child grows up of a very small foot. We have had many such patients coming to

the hospital with ulcers on their feet due to poor circulation. The toes are usually bound under the foot in such a way that the person walks only on the large toe and the heel. The bones of the ankle are crowded upward and together and the heel and toe are so fixed that movement in the joints below the knee are practically gone and the ladies appear to have stiff ankles, or to be walking on wooden feet, with the stiffness of a boy who walks on stilts. From an esthetic viewpoint what the Chinese girl gains in her beautiful hair and dress she loses in the stiffness of her gait.

Because of her bound feet the Chinese lady cannot walk without becoming weary very soon. She cannot climb, she can do but little work, she becomes an indolent domesticated person, only to make any extensive trips on wheelbarrows, in chairs or other vehicles.

The bound feet are typical of a certain bondage to which the women of China are bound. A bondage, however, not so much to them, as to those who are not so bound. Don't think that the average Chinese thinks of bound feet as a sign of bondage. It is a mark of distinction, of class to them and carries none of the terribleness with it that it does to us. The women with unbound feet are the farmers, the boat people and the servants. All high class women formerly had bound feet.

CHAPTER XI

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER

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A MYSTERIOUS LETTER

IT IS night. It is dark. It is raining. I have just been through the narrow streets and lanes of the town, on the city wall, at each of the four city gates and out of the south gate to learn more about the soldiers that were said to be threatening to loot the town. I found the townspeople afraid. Most doors were closed tight. Here and there a man stuck his head out of the half-closed door to see what was going on.

Many of the business people knew me, for our little hospital, too, is a kind of business. They apparently knew what I was out for; and here and there I suggested the reason for my presence on the street by saying, "I see you have your store closed." And they said, "Why don't you take a rickshaw instead of walking in the rain." They knew that the soldiers had taken every available boat, every available auto, every available rickshaw and sedan

chair, hence in their question they were giving me information.

The city people were afraid. Many rich, I am told, put their gold and silver in vessels and buried them, lowered them into wells or sent them out by servants into the country where soldiers were not known. The city gates were closed early and the bridges over the moat around the city were broken up.

Outside of the city were many retreating troops and their leaders had spoken harsh words to the city gentry. They were not satisfied with a little food and money. They wanted thousands of dollars or they would loot.

The other day a couple thousand retreating soldiers passed by, asked for $50,000. The city fathers gave them $30,000, killed some fifty hogs and fed them on thousands of biscuits; and they politely moved on to the next city to have, if possible, this kind act repeated by the gentry of the neighboring city. But today's lot of soldiers won't move so easy. They are a bad-looking lot. They look like robbers, if robbers indeed look different than other men. I've seen them this afternoon; and one look at them made my looks change. I began to share with the city people in a measure of fear.

I went to the hospital and found three new patients had just come in with their families as attendants. After asking about their trouble, I soon made up my mind that a Red Cross flag raised on our flagpole would be more efficient than any allo-

pathic concoction or a homeopathic dose of the indicated remedy. They had come as refugees.

I am all alone as foreigner in the city. My fellow missionaries are outside of the city, probably not as well off even as I am. Any time these hordes of retreating, homeless Chinese braves may come, and who knows what will be next. Do they want money? I can spare them five dollars in actual cash. If they wait till tomorrow they will get only four dollars. For in these days I live as saving as possible. The more saving I live, the more they get when they come to get what I've got.

These fellows are known to have looted; they know how to kill if necessary; they can make it immensely uncomfortable for you.

In the temple next door I saw them. A couple with guns and spears were on guard, a goodly number were inside. Our home, too, looks like a temple. Probably they will want to billet here pretty soon.

With all such fear-inspiring news I entered the night. Alone in my house, with my family over a hundred miles away in what later on proved to be far greater danger.

* * *

I hear footsteps! What can they be? They go to the back door! It sounds like a soldier with his gun. This summer when only three of us foreigners were here I heard a farmer friend of us say "that I was next to the richest of the three foreigners." One had considerable more of the world's goods

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Grinding at the mill.

than I, although he had just as many daughters, and the other was a close third. Well, had this simple farmer told the soldier head of my supposed wealth? Oh, had I only honestly told that farmer how really poor I was in earthly goods. Yet I know he would never believe me, for our homes look like the very heavens themselves to these poor people who know not what it is to have a floor or ceiling, a stove or a soft bed.

What are those footsteps? At the door they are. Is the man going to rob the next richest foreigner in the city? Ah! that foreigner is the next poorest foreigner as well. Little can he get but much harm can he do.

The door opens! To my surprise my servant steps in.

"My master," he says, "here is a letter. The sender wants an answer tomorrow. I hear there are many troops in town. Everywhere is fear that the town is going to be looted."

I urged the servant, the faithful servant of our house for six years, the first and last servant of our home, not to go out needlessly.

What could that letter be? It was written in Chinese. Probably it was from an officer. Probably it was a demand for all the money of the next richest foreigner in the city. Probably it was a letter demanding me to surrender all I had and go besides as hostage with this robber band into captivity.

I thought I would first eat my supper before I opened and read this Chinese letter. As I prepared the table for one man, for such I am, a single man at home with a family far away; as I arranged my potatoes, cabbage, pork on one plate, a slice of pineapple on a side dish for dessert, a cup of American ground coffee at my side, my servant came in again with another note, written this time by my fellow missionary. I recognized the handwriting. I must answer at once. I opened and read true to the style of the writer:

"My Dear Doctor: The townspeople fear that tonight the soldiers will loot. I have consequently asked —— to stay at our home. Don't you want to come as well? We may be more safe together out in the country than to be scattered. Faithfully yours, ——."

I answered the courteous missive from my fellow-fearful-friend by a short reply, as I am often wont to do, as follows: "Received your note: I'll stay here. Won't you all come to town? Sincerely yours, Lee S. Huizenga."

I tried to finish my supper, not knowing whether those soldiers would come, and just wondering what were the contents of that letter. I had put a little extra salt in my food tonight in order that my cup of coffee would taste so good that I might want to drink two cups and thus get a little more stimulation for that already speeding heart. According to good Dutch custom I read my Bible after my evening meal, said my prayers, and won-

dered what was in that letter, coming to me at just an ominous time and demanding an answer by tomorrow morning.

Shall I read that letter first, I thought, or shall I first wash my dishes? That letter might mean life or death to me. The thought, however, that if it meant life, I would need my dishes clean; or if it meant death, I would rather have them clean than to have them found dirty, made me decide to set my house in order first before I read that mysterious letter coming as it did while the evening shadow crept around about me and those soldiers, thousands strong, were expected to loot the city.

I washed—I know not whether clean or not. Since a boy of six I was taught to wash dishes and that is forty years ago. For forty years I have washed dishes off and on, but never with the thought of probably being looted any minute. Day before yesterday as I baked my own bread and biscuits all seemed so peaceful and now, as I washed these dirty dishes I had that letter on my mind. But duty calls me to finish.

* * *

I opened the letter! I might have known it was such a letter. Many times before had such a letter come to me.

The envelope had the name of one of the largest Chinese department stores in Shanghai on it, the paper upon which the letter was written I recognized as having come from the desk of one of my

A group of beggars.

fellow missionaries. All became clear to me. Both envelope and paper had just been taken by the writer in an hour of temptation, with probably other things. I knew at once who had written the letter. His name makes you think of two capital E's put side by side with their backs turned toward each other. It means nothing less than a King or Emperor, but alas, my friend had fallen from his throne. Let me tell you of the contents of the letter. I am not a master of Chinese, but he knew my limitations and accommodated himself remarkably to my Chinese vocabulary in order that I might accommodate myself to his needs—and these needs were financial as the reader shall at once observe.

The letter reads:

"Huizenga Sir: My letter of yesterday you have undoubtedly received. I have at present no work to do. Besides, I have no food to eat. Really, I have no way out. I am eating much bitterness, therefore, I can think of no method of escape. Please, sir, help me, have pity on me, a weakling, a child. Pray much for me. Beg the Lord to open a way for me quickly. Probably, sir, you could loan me a few coins for food; probably you could give me work to do. See Romans 14:15-16, I think. Sir, your compassion is very great even to endless eternity. Amen. I am waiting for a return letter.

Signed ——."

The seventh day
of the first moon.

I tell this story to show you some of the Chinese characteristics. They are over-polite and seek to reach their goals by hundreds of unexpected ways. It also shows how certain unpleasant conditions worry you and put you in an atmosphere which makes you misinterpret and misunderstand.

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CHAPTER XII

IN THE ORPHAN ASYLUM

CHAPTER XII

IN THE ORPHAN ASYLUM

ALTHOUGH I was there when I started my earthly career, I am not gifted with so great a memory that I can speak authoritatively on those early days. But I have been told by her, who knew me best, who suffered for me most, who loved me as only a mother loves, whom I'll adore till my last step on this earthly pilgrimage is made, whose name I only know as MOTHER; I say, I was told by her that she felt my call when in the harvest field. She says the grain was ripe, the golden crop waited for the harvesters. Little did I then know that I was to be sent out into the harvest; little did my mother know that I would be a harvester, although she had dedicated me to just such a life—a reaper in the Lord's harvest. That was my start in life. My parents (ah! what sacred memories!) were very poor. I was the last to come into the family at a time when the last penny was being spent, the last oil in the cruse was used to grease the last cake made—but

I was loved, I was loved by those I ever since loved, I was loved by those who would have sacrificed self for me.

Although I have not obtained, but am still reaching after, I feel I have much to be thankful for, because I have what thousands do not have. Let me tell you—I have enjoyed a mother's love for over thirty years! Today I visited the orphan asylum and saw children who have not been loved thirty seconds of their lives. No mother love! They are never going to have it. Poor things!

In China are many orphan asylums. The one I visited today is in a city in China where we are temporarily abiding while making this our earthly pilgrimage.

A few days before, we had sent in a request asking whether or not we might come to visit the institution, and a very polite letter written in Chinese was sent us saying we would be welcome Wednesday afternoon, at 2:30. At the appointed time we were there and were led into the guest room where many things were set before us, but for various reasons very few things were eaten by us. We sipped some tea and then went on an inspection trip. To tell you all we saw would not interest you. Some things will.

We saw about two hundred children, some a few days old, some a few years. Some were about ready to die, some were nice and fat. These children have no known parents. At the gate of the

institution is a little door which can be opened from the outside. If an unwelcome child is born it can be put into this little door without sign or label and at a time when no one is watching. After the child has been put into the little door it will soon cry and its cry announces its arrival to the keepers within. It is then taken in as a regular inmate. Most of these little ones are girls.

Upon being admitted in this informal way the little foundling is given to a Chinese wet-nurse, hired for this purpose by the institution. These babies are not brought up on canned milk, bottled milk or cow's milk, but on real human milk. Some of the Chinese wet-nurses give enough milk for three children. It may seem strange to you, but let me tell you that certain Chinese women sell their own milk to old and feeble men. It is supposed to be a good tonic. Just as in all institutions for orphans, some thrive and some die, and the death percentage in the hot summer time is rather high. Many of the children brought into the institution in this secret way are sent out into the country where they are nursed for a few cents a day by country women who at the same time give suck to their own little ones. Once a month the child must be taken to the institution for inspection and payment for its care is then made.

Should anyone want a little baby girl, these little ones are for sale. Little children like these are frequently bought by the wealthy and brought up as

daughters, although they are classified as slaves of the household, and are later on to be married off to other rich and influential families.

Little boys are very scarce in such asylums. Every Chinese longs for boys to pay respect to him in life and death, and sacrifice to him after death. Ancestor worship is kept up for many generations in China. The ancestors of Confucius are still being worshiped in Shantung and they died six centuries before our Christian era. Ancestral halls, or buildings dedicated to the forefathers, are many in China. In these the ancestral offerings are regularly offered by the faithful sons of China on the first and fifteenth of every month. And to bring this offering sons are necessary. For this and other reasons, all more or less of a personal or selfish nature, sons are greatly desired and only in rare cases can one get a baby boy. Occasionally a boy is transferred from one family to another, if the family into which he is transferred has no sons. The reason is obvious. He becomes the son, the virtual heir, and in turn is expected to show filial piety and respect to the dead of the family.

CHAPTER XIII

A VISIT TO THE POORHOUSE

CHAPTER XIII

A VISIT TO THE POORHOUSE

FIGURING by years, over half my earthly life is past. It may come to an end soon, it may stretch out for many more years. My youthful ambition will probably never be realized, yet my struggle continues. Reaching at the foothills of my goal, I still see the distant summit far in sight. I want to keep it in view, even though my feet may never tread its to-me-sacred peak. What is a man without high aims? True it is, such a person has a degree of satisfaction, probably as much as he can take care of without becoming a burden to himself and to his fellow man. The lark soars high, loses sight of things below, and is wrapped up in its song of absolute peace. The filthy swine never raises its head higher than the curvature of his spine. Its joys are mud. Its aims low. He is of little or no earthly use until he is dead.

Am I then discouraged with the result of my past achievements? Such I will not say. I have at

A group of paroled cases sent out. These would be smiling except for the fact that they hate so to leave the happy home. We have sent out 200 paroles.

least tried. And today I feel, that amid all my discouragements and failures, my life has fallen in more pleasant places than the lives of many of my fellow beings.

Today I visited one of China's poorhouses. China has many philanthropic institutions, into one of which I want to take you today.

The first is the old men's home.

Here in this old men's home I found beds for some thirty inmates. These men were nearly worn out, yet only a few were at home at the time I rested there from my journey. This home provides food and a place to sleep, but the old men consider their weary way not yet ended, hence they go out daily to do a little business. Some sell cakes, some peanuts, some turnips, and some, who have no capital, take a bowl and go begging. In the evening they return and then the conversation centers itself about their experiences. What experiences! How worthless it seems to talk about them! Yet they live on no higher level now. Once these men, too, were young. Once they had ideals, and they still have, but what a difference. Once when young that blind beggar had a rich father, he had plans to obtain wealth for himself, but he loved the world. He loved wine, he smoked opium, he got gonorrhea, planted the germ with his own finger in the rich soil of his eye, and the harvest was soon ripe—blind for life, money gone—a beggar's life before him. He still has an ideal, has he? Yes, to obtain a few coppers by begging.

That beggar was once a well-to-do farmer's son. He had ideals. He expected to inherit his father's fields and be a farmer. But leprosy set in on his feet and within three or four years be became so bad that he was not welcome in his own home. His life of aimless travel began. Everywhere he was unwanted. Finally, he did get into a poorhouse. He, too, has his story to relate in the evening as he sits in the circle of beggar-paupers of the poorhouse.

We go to the women's poorhouse next. Some of these inmates have but a straw mat to sleep on, others only some straw. In general the home is not as clean as that of the old men. The inmates are beggars also. Some have children with them who play about their mothers and seem happy as larks, with nothing to play with but sticks and stones. Undoubtedly they enjoy their little playthings as much as the more wealthy children do theirs.

One more visit. It is not a real poorhouse but it is a place where poor people are helped. It is at the rice kitchen. Moneys are collected each year from the wealthy to support a rice kitchen for the poor during the winter months. Thousands of poor gather here each day with a bucket to get a cheap grade of rice already cooked. The rice is good food even though it be cheap, and the quantity each one gets is sufficient for at least one real meal. This work is purely philanthropic.

CHAPTER XIV

THE DRAGON AND THE YELLOW

GO WHERE you will, China presents you everywhere with various kinds of dragons. You see brass dragons, bronze dragons, stone dragons, ivory and wood dragons. The dragon is used in architecture, in painting, in needlework. Art of all kinds is incomplete without a dragon in some way or other. In the artificial ponds you frequently see sewers of the city streets ending in large dragon heads spitting out the sewer water. During the dry weather the Chinese make huge dragons of mud crawling, as it were, out of the canal on the dry land and offerings are made to the self-made mud dragon to induce him in turn to give rain. During parades dragons made of paper are so carried by worshipers and so lit up that it resembles a huge writhing, fiery dragon, ready to devour, and spitting out smoke as the procession goes on. During the springtime men and boys fly huge kites, some like dragons and snakes.

This shows the influence of the dragon even on sport and play.

The dragon is not regarded by Chinese as a fabulous animal, but Chinese believe in the real existence of the dragon and in its real influence over the affairs of men. Off and on one hears of Chinese having seen a dragon. Recently two were seen coming out of the mountain in a little town in Central China. Then again they are seen in the air as they are supposed to control the air and land forces. He reigns over seas and lakes, ponds and rivers, rain and dew. All disturbances in the sky are his breathings and earthquakes show his great strength. Only a short time ago we heard it said by our townspeople that the earthquake we felt last spring in China was due to the turning over of the dragon in his slumber, something that occurred at least once in seven years.

Frequently pagodas or temples are built upon supposed tails or heads of dragons to keep him from doing any further harm to the townspeople.

To show how much the Chinese in history thought of the dragon, look carefully at any kind of Chinese art and see if you cannot find some part of a dragon on it, or go into any village and see if the word dragon is not part of the name of some bridge, street, store, temple, or whatnot Or if you are not yet satisfied go to Peking and there you will find that before the days of the republic the dragon symbolized the ruling dynasty and the Dragon Throne was the imperial throne of the

ruler of the Celestial Kingdom. The old Chinese flag has a dragon on a yellow base and the imperial stamps send the dragon all over the world to protect the mail. The Dragon boat festival is observed in all parts of China, bringing the influence of the dragon before you vividly each year.

Whether the dragon is altogether a fabulous animal is still a question. As I just said, a press dispatch recently reported that two dragons were found in Central China. Nothing is said as to their present whereabouts. But also other lands report dragons.

In the London zoo are two Komodo dragons. Some are said to be twenty-three feet in length. In a Holland museum is a stuffed dragon measuring thirteen feet from muzzle to tail. Undoubtedly the dragons of China, now practically extinct, were related to the rare specimens of dragons still found here and there. Just why the Chinese attributed some superhuman power to them is difficult to learn from Chinese history.

Colors play an important part in the life of peoples. The white of the bridal dress that spells purity in the North European countries is the color of mourning in China. The exciting red used in the West as a danger color is the color that spells good luck to the Chinese.

Yellow has been the national or imperial color in China for centuries. The Chinese race, too, is said to be yellow, but this is probably not the reason why the earlier Chinese chose yellow as a national

or rather imperial color. Yellow was the color of the emperor, not of the people. In Peking are the relics of this color seen in the yellow tiles on the roofs of the imperial buildings. Yellow is the color of gold. Gold is the precious metal also of China.

The Chinese flag of imperial days combined the yellow and the dragon on its national flag. The large field of yellow had a dragon crawling upon it. Yellow representing earth. The dragon, heaven and the deep.

There is a dreaded dragon coming up out of China's most ancient history. Even Confucius is not altogether silent on it. I refer to the loathsome of all diseases, leprosy. Like the merciless dragon of the deepest pit it has been gnawing on the vitals of a nation, letting hundreds die actually while alive, and converting beautiful youth into the horrors of the dragon.

In the old imperial flag the dragon and the yellow were combined. The five-colored flag of the Peking government has the yellow stripe to signify the eighteen provinces or China Proper.

Bound Feet

CHAPTER XV

BEGGARS I HAVE HEARD OF OR SEEN

TODAY I went out especially to see how many beggars I would meet. China is a land of beggars, of professional beggars. Every conceivable means is used to arouse sympathy. Except you become hardened to these pitiful sights you will be handing out your coppers continually. If I had given one copper a piece to each beggar today, I feel sure I would have handed out fifty cents.

Beggars are found everywhere, but especially along the busy thoroughfares. Many of them are fakers, undoubtedly some are actually poor. In a country where the standard of honesty is so low and where practically all, even up to the officials, "squeeze" out of the people all they can; in a country where the distinction between the rich and the poor is so great; in a country where the overwhelming majority of people live from hand to mouth; and where a person can live on an incredible small amount—it is no wonder that beggars thrive.

A beggar's fee is said to be at least two cash or about one-tenth of an American cent. If you give him one cash he feels offended. If you give him very much more he thinks you are an easy mark and may ask you for more.

Among the beggars you find men, women, and children. There are strong men and women; there are feeble ones; there are those who pretend to be feeble. There are well-clad priests who beg; there are half-clad religious devotees who beg.

Some of the first beggars I saw were boys and girls of about seven years old who were throwing sharp knives in the air and catching them by the handle as the knives came down, tossing them up and catching them again with great rapidity and skill. After a little performance of this kind they would beg.

Another pair of beggars hailing me for a gift seemed to be a mother and a lunatic daughter. The mother was probably about seventy years old and her half-clad, half-witted daughter about forty. At the mother's suggestion the lunatic daughter would get on her hands and knees and beat her bald head against the ground and slap her chest with the palms of her hand to awaken pity, while the old lady called for a gift, pointing to the pitiful state of her daughter.

Next a blind man in rags passes me. He is led by a filthy youth with pus oozing out of his eyes. Both beg.

There stands a man who nose is absolutely eaten away by syphilis. To get rid of the horrible sight you drop a copper and turn your face aside.

A shrill cry comes from across the street. It looks like a dead child displayed by its mother. I purposely go to see the sight. Here is a mother with two children. One looks fairly robust, although half naked and it is a cold winter day. The other child is skin and bones. She lives, but the emaciated looks, the lustre of the dimmed eyes tell you the child is about to die. One leg is exposed. A horrible sight it is. Poor little three-year-old child with pus welling up from her hip joint. She is exposed to awaken sympathy. She is used to earn a few coppers. She is bait to catch sympathizers. She is a beggar's child and a means to obtain coppers. She should be taken to a hospital to receive a few kind words and some soothing treatments before the little flicker of life is blown out, but no, no one seems to care. The hard sidewalk is her bed, a beggar woman the only one who cares, and it is very probable that this woman only cares as far as the helpless wee one is a source of income for her. China is cruel especially to little sick girls.

Shall I continue to sum up cases? Shall I tell you of that blind girl I see every day as I leave the house? Shall I tell you of the man I met just yesterday, who dragged himself along the busy and narrow Chinese road, seemingly paralyzed from the shoulders down? You are not anxious, I am

sure, to have me tell the tale of the leper who raised two naked stumps of arms, or hear the story of an old gray-haired man, with kind patriarchal look, squatted on the sidewalk, crying like a babe, telling how great his need is. All these sights make your heart melt away in tears if you are of a sympathetic nature and you give the beggar a fee.

But do not be too sympathetic. All these beggars are not poor. All are not really beggars. Some of the most cruel acts are on the beggar's records. The children they use to create sympathy are subjected to cruelty which seems inhuman. Only one illustration may suffice.

A pitiful beggar story comes from the interior of China. A beggar was beaten to death by a number of people for the intense cruelty it was discovered he had committted to beggars under his control. This beggar had been seen on the streets of the city for years. He would slide along on a mat, making believe that his legs were so twisted and drawn, that it was a pity to see. Yet, it was said that he could walk and run as well as anyone if necessary. With him was a little girl about six years old, whose arms were really bent and stiffened. So pitiful was this sight that many people were moved to throw small coins in her basket. Some days, it is said, she made as many as 1,000 cash, amounting to about 100 coppers a day for her cruel master. One day as she was begging she recognized her uncle on the street passing by her. She called pitifully to him and tried to convince

him that she was his niece. At first he failed to recognize her, but as the little girl sought to prove her identity, it was found that her master had kidnaped her some time ago in a village only six miles away, had carried her to his home, cut the tendons of the child's arms, twisted her limbs out of shape and then let the wounds heal with the limbs in this distorted shape. Hereupon he took her out to beg for him. Fear for her master made her hold her peace, until this opportune time seemed to be given her. Poor girl, she had been crippled for life by the cruel hand of a beggar, who had become her master.

The uncle rescued the little girl, arrested the man who had kidnaped her and created enough sentiment against him then and there, that he was clubbed to death. It was found that probably three or four other children had been killed by him in his attempt to mutilate them for begging purposes. When this beggar, who at the same time was master of other beggars, was killed fifteen dollars was found on his body, quite a large sum of money for a Chinaman of the poorer class to have, and especially for a so-called beggar. This incident was related in a recent Shanghai paper, The North China Daily News.

It may surprise the reader to hear that these beggars are even organized and have their king. It is possible for people to pay to the organization a certain amount periodically which will protect them against calls from the beggars. Men, acting as

agents for the organization of beggars, will send beggars away if they should be about the door of such contributors to the organization.

The other day while traveling through a large Chinese city, the missionary with me said that there would be no beggars that day because the beggars had a meeting somewhere outside of the city. There are several beggars who probably do not belong to the organization, and it is very hard to determine which should be helped by you and which not. Nevertheless, whether these beggars are really poor or not, it is not to the credit of any nation to have them about the country in such numbers as China has them. Some efficient legislation against them would be quite in place.

Going to market

CHAPTER XVI

TWO GRAVES

TWO YEARS ago Mrs. Huizenga and I stood at the grave of the greatest Chinese that ever lived, who is worshiped today by more people in his land than any other individual. This grave was the well-kept grave of Confucius. This grave contains the ashes for many centuries already of one who is deified by his own people.

Last June Mrs. Huizenga and I visited another grave. It was an empty grave. It was the supposed grave of our Lord. *He* was not there. *His ashes* were not there. While the keeper of Confucius' grave as well as the stone marker on this famous grave indicated that the remains of Confucius' body were really there, the keeper at the empty tomb, as well as all authentic literature on the subject, tells us that He who once lay in the empty tomb is risen from the dead and liveth! Liveth forever!

The first grave speaks of the grave's victory; the second of victory over the grave.

The first grave, well kept throughout the ages, is but prophetic of all eastern religions—well kept, but dead as far as actual content is concerned. The second grave, at the center of the Christian world, is prophetic of the victory over death wherever the influence of the living Christ, the empty tomb, is experienced in the individual heart throughout all the world. The empty tomb is prophetic of the victory of real Christianity, the final religion for the world.

a familiar morning scene.

CHAPTER XVII

OPPOSITES

CHINA has frequently been called "the land of opposites." By it is meant that many things are done in an opposite way to which we western people are accustomed. It must be remembered, however, that the Chinese did things their way long before the western nations existed. We also frequently hear people say that China is below us. Do we really mean that? After all, we are first to determine what is up and what is down, or from what point we determine the top and bottom of the earth. If one thinks of the sun as the center from which we determine top and bottom, then that part which is light, or day, might be considered on the top. Then China would be top when America or England is bottom, and China would be bottom when America or England is top. One can say that China takes an opposite place on the globe, that is, China is in the East, America and Europe in the West.

A few other opposites may interest the reader to close this part with. I will give you what the Chinese do, you can supply the opposites as you know what the European and American does.

Men wear long coats; girls wear pants.
Chinese turn to the left.
Read from back of book to the front, from back of page to front of page.
Write with a brush instead of pen and pencil.
Wear white at funerals.
Family name first, given name last.
Family name first, then title, as Jones Dr. or Mr.
Milk cow sitting on left.
Varnish wood in wet weather.
Make sole of shoe first, then upper.
In beckoning, bend fingers of hand downward.
In counting on fingers, begin with small finger and count toward thumb.
Index in front of book.
Fold their letters with the writing outside.
Put writer's full name on envelope, not on letter.
Have button on left of coat, hole on right.
Put button through buttonhole in fastening coat. How do we?
Love crooked trees.
Chinese children study aloud in school.
Frequently have gardens enclosed in house, instead of house in the garden.
Have male nurses for male patients.

PART THREE

IN AND AMONG THE LEPERS

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DISEASE

A Leper Story

ON THE ground, huddled close to the hospital wall, lay one cold winter night a beggar wrapped up in some old blankets and bags. Beggars are abundant in the East and not frequently we pass them by, as it would be practically impossible to collect them all every evening. Besides, beggars have gotten more or less hardened to their mode of living and usually do more begging for money than for a shelter against the cold night.

It does happen occasionally after a bitter cold night that a beggar is found here and there who was nipped by the frost and fell asleep never to awaken.

Many beggars seek for warm places, as in straw-piles or on baker's ovens. Not infrequently you see one or two beggar lads curled up like dogs on the ovens, which Chinese bakers have standing at the

entrance of their bakery shops and which are about the size of our largest hot-blast heating stoves, only they have flat tops.

Yet this cold winter night as the missionary left the hospital she noticed more than usual this bundle with life. She stopped and called to the beggar.

How surprised she was when out of the bundle crawled a woman, in many ways beautiful, with fairly clean clothes, with an expresssion of honesty and purity upon her face. She seemed a high-class native woman. The woman rose up, and bowed gracefully to the missionary. It was at once evident that this woman was no common beggar. It was a woman of character and standing.

But what was she doing here?

This question was put the poor lady and the answer was that she had no money, but even if she had, it would do her no good—*for she was a leper!*

"You are a leper?" asked the missionary, "but you do not look like one."

"Yes," was the answer, "but I am. I was the wife of a young official. I had money, servants, and all you could desire. I lived in luxury and pleasure. One day as we were making an extended trip into the country I did some walking and developed a blister on my heel, which would not heal. For many weeks we secretly tried our physicians without help. I began to feel a little pain, some fever developed, whereupon a peculiar weakness seemed to sap my life. We also began to notice slight patches of discoloration on the calves of my legs

and a numbness of the tissues. I became afraid, for I knew enough about leprosy to know that this resembled it. I hesitated to tell anyone for the longest time. My husband noticed that I was not as cheerful, not as fair as usual, but he still thought a lot of me. At last my face began to swell a bit. Then I could not conceal it any more. My husband demanded an examination and to his disgust he found that I was a leper with leprous sores on my feet, with patches of numbness and with the swelling of the skin manifesting itself on my face."

At these words the poor woman sobbed. The missionary, almost forgetting she was dealing with a leper, put her hand upon the patient's back and tried to console her.

"What did your husband do," said the missionary, "after he knew you were a leper?"

"Oh!" said she, "I cannot blame him altogether, but nevertheless it was cruel. He got angry for not telling him sooner. I had often been in his company and never had I protected him by warning him of my disease. In his anger he sent me away from the house, leaving me unprovided for in midwinter. What little I personally had was soon spent, and here I am at the hospital that has helped others, hoping I may be helped, too. I have been here already for some time, but having heard that you only receive patients in the morning, I thought of spending the night in the shelter of the hospital, wrapped up in my blankets."

Again she wept. What bitterness! No one cared

A group of Lepers as you see them at a mission clinic.
See the mutilated faces and hands. Note also the mats for their beds.

for her. Alone and a leper! Who can describe her sorrow?

"Could your husband support you?" was asked.

"I am sure he will never trouble himself about me again. I exposed him to this dreadful disease. He is angry. Besides, I am as one dead to him. He already took another wife. I can expect no help from him."

From the conversation which followed it appeared that this leprous woman had spent a short time in the home of her brother, but since he had a family of several small children, it was not considered wise that she should stay with them. They agreed that she should try to get into the Christian hospital. Forty miles they had traveled that day only to find the hospital closed. Her brother had returned and here she was—all, all alone, and leprous—a sad condition, indeed, and that for life.

"What can I do?" she said. "Some in my condition would take their life to get rid of this terrible disease, haunting me day and night. Others would go to the leper camps and become the common property of leprous men in their common life of begging. I shudder at the thought of either way, but I'll have to be resigned to my fate. Could I but die! Please do not send me away. Just let me spend the night here in the shelter of this place, where so many lepers have found a home, a heaven. To be near the 'leper's heaven' gives me some hope, some cheer."

The missionary was deeply moved. Here was a fellow-being in the bitter throes of hopelessness. Could nothing be done? Home she went only to return shortly afterwards with food and blankets and the cheery words: "Tomorrow we'll try to take you into the hospital."

And the leper slept that night. It was the first night she had gone to sleep with a promise since she had detected the grim hand of leprosy. She slept. She dreamed of the "leper's heaven," the name the leper hospital was known by. She woke up and found she had been warm. She awoke with a brighter morning, with a cheering ray as she thought of the possibility of being cared for and probably of still being useful.

She was taken into the overcrowded hospital, but being a woman who had been educated, who had lived in a comfortable home, she soon became a great help in caring for others. When she came to the hospital she knew not Christ, but she soon inquired why it was the mission hospital took in what her own people cast out, and when she heard it was all due to the love of Christ, she began to study such love as would stoop down to such creatures as lepers and seek to uplift them. She soon found Christ as her personal Saviour and humbly devoted her life in service to the Lord.

* * *

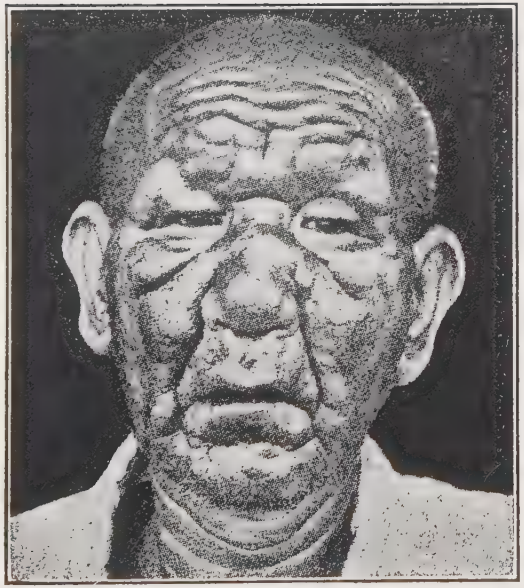
This story is told to give an introduction to a little description of the most loathsome of all diseases, a type of sin—the disease called leprosy.

LEPROSY AND THE BIBLE

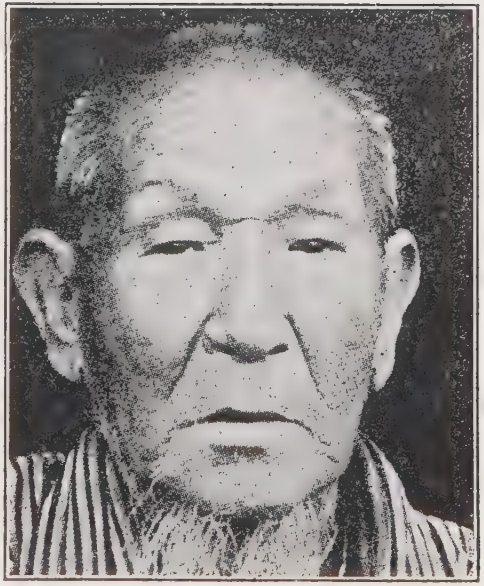
One of the most interesting of diseases that has come to us from the earliest days and still rages unabated in certain sections is that of leprosy. Tracing it back as early as 3000 B.C., it has been known in nearly every century. From the cradle of manhood it spread to practically every country of the world. Men interested in the healing art have observed it; it has arrested the attention of religious orders, and the earliest lawbooks speak of it. This disease has always been looked upon with horror and its sufferers have been society's outcasts from the earliest date. Owing to lack of knowledge, a disease so old would necessarily be enshrouded in many superstitions and to rid it of all these will require time as well as education.

Even art has busied itself about the leper. One wonders how an artist can see anything in a leper. In Dutch art of the sixteenth century wood engravings are found, one portraying the leper at the rich man's gate and the others show lepers as beggars in the streets of Amsterdam.

All through history the disease has been more or less readily recognized in its typical forms by its awful deformities. Having seen a typical leper once, one can never forget the repulsive sight and one will readily recognize a second typical case. Many typical cases and many diseases in certain respects similar, and hence less readily recognized, have throughout the centuries been associ-



Before Treatment



After Treatment

To show results of treatment in a very advanced case of Nodular Leprosy in a Japanese patient

(From Rogers and Huir on "Leprosy")

ated with it, undoubtedly because of the fear that probably one might be dealing with the real disease.

Descriptions of the disease are found in the writings of the ancient Egyptians, the Chinese, Jews, Greeks, and Romans. Hippocrates seems to describe the disease. Aristotle calls it "Satyria," probably because of its nodular form. Aretaens in the first century A.D. gives a good description of it. Galen in the second century also describes it. In the medieval ages the Romans seem to have spread it through Europe and the British Isles. From Europe it spread in the sixteenth century to the West Indies and South America. Later on it appeared in the Sandwich Islands. In 1856 there were about 3,000 lepers in Norway and by them it seems the disease has spread to Minnesota in the United States of America. Today California and Louisiana have leper areas. The first detailed and scientific description was given by Danielssen and Broeck. Hansen, another Norwegian, found the lepra bacillus.

The leprosy mentioned in the Bible has been the subject of much interest throughout the history of the Christian church as well as to modern medicine, which has advanced with the present missionary age.

The first time leprosy is mentioned in the Old Testament is in Exodus 4:6. We find the people of Israel in Egypt; as a sign that Jehovah sends Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh, the Lord gives Aaron the sign of leprosy and its cure.

Pharaoh evidently recognized leprosy and knew it to be incurable. Hence the cure could be attributed to nothing but a divine power, a power which the Egyptian gods did not have. It is remarkable that leprosy was used as a sign. It shows, first, that leprosy was known in Egypt. It also intimates that Moses, who "was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians" (medicine included) knew about it and recognized it. We do not hear of leprosy among the family of the patriarchs until the time they leave the country of their bondage, Egypt.

This indicates that probably the Israelites contracted the disease from the Egyptians, and also that Moses knew what he was writing about in the Pentateuch, as far as the disease was known as a separate entity at that time. Whether the Hebrew word " Zaarath" stands for the same limited disease now known as leprosy is questionable, and cannot well be proven, as diseases running through history for so many years may modify their symptoms, and the description of similar symptoms may differ according to the observer's ability of observing.

With the Israelite's history then, we come to the most interesting historical data connected with leprosy. The Old and New Testaments both speak of the disease, the Old describing it as it then manifested itself, in details. Symptoms are given as well as laws for isolation and for return to society in case of recovery.

Before going into the history of this period, however, it may be well to state a few facts which to us seem all important to a right understanding of leprosy as spoken of in the Old Testament and the laws regarding it.

1. Israel is a theocracy. God is King. God gave laws. He knows the law and what it is given for. To the Israelites of those days these laws were infallible because God is infallible. No other nation had a Jehovah, an infallible God. This, of course, made a profound impression on the pious Israelite. Although he might examine in detail, might search out the why's and wherefore's, the truth of God's law was not altered and could not be altered by any research on his part. The aim of his research was to think after God, to know Him better. It was to understand what was written, not to improve on what was written or revealed by God. Research made the revelation clearer as a diligent study of the Word made his understanding of the Word better.

Again, this God Jehovah gave laws to Israel, gave also laws about leprosy. Did Jehovah know what leprosy was? Could he diagnose, give symptoms and lay down sanitary laws for the people? If one believes in the inspiration of the Old Testament, one must either say that Jehovah accommodated himself to the prevailing opinions among the people and included several skin diseases under the term leprosy, or the symptoms given were the exact symptoms of a typical case called Zaarath (leprosy),

but which disease need not necessarily have been what we call leprosy today. If one looks upon the Pentateuch as an ordinary production of man with Moses as general redactor, the book gives no difficulty at all. The Pentateuch then becomes a book among books, fallible, unauthentic, unscientific in the present day sense, and of little value even from an historical viewpoint.

There is no doubt what the Bible itself says about its inspiration, its divine origin, and what the Israelitish people, in its best days thought of it. As fas as possible we want to examine the question before us in the light of just this point. What did Israel think of Jehovah as its king, lawgiver and its priest in regard to questions of disease and sanitation? The answer must be that Israel believed Jehovah and His law to be divine, unalterable and correct. None could add to or take away from the words of the law. "God's law was perfect," Ps. 19.

2. Since Jehovah, the Holy One, was Israel's king, health as such was not the important consideration in regard to the laws of leprosy, but the underlying principle governing all these laws was *holiness*. God is holy. God's people, the Israelitish theocracy, is holy. All that is *unclean* must be put outside of house, of city, of people. The laws, governing what is clean or unclean, not only had reference to leprosy, but various other matters as well, as for instance, menstruation, yeast growth, touching the dead. Israel was clean, other nations unclean.

It was by no means similar to "taboo." "Taboo" springs from fear. In Old Testament the "unclean" were disqualified to worship or sacrifice, hence the pious Israelite fled from all that was unclean in order that his access to God might not be interrupted, and not for fear of the unclean as such.

Una, in "Ein Typischer Fall von Papier Wissenschaft," Lepra, February, 1913, says the Hebrew word "Zaarath" had a theological meaning, and not a medical. This we believe is correct, but it stood for a definite disease group at the same time. Whether the diagnosing priest always recognized the disease is not the question here involved. The priest might err in his diagnosis; the Pentateuch, from Israel's viewpoint, erred not in its description.

Think of this principle, "I, the Lord, am holy . . ." in connection with leprosy. Moses' books do not say that leprosy is contagious, or infectious. *It is unclean.* One can readily see how this fear of becoming "unclean" could develop into fear of becoming a leper by contact with a leper, and also how it might develop the idea of "taboo" in the superstitious, but this again changes not the fundamental idea as expressed in the law.

There were many diseases among the Israelites but only one was considered unclean. Why now is leprosy and no other disease unclean? This is a most interesting question. Jehovah is not only holy, demanding in essence that all things bearing the mark of sin, should be put away from his presence, but he is also merciful.

To show His mercy the Lord, instead of pronouncing every sickness impure, unholy, unclean and a result of sin, chooses one class of sickness to be representative of all. Leprosy, therefore, becomes, by Jehovah's own will, a type of sin, the scapegoat of all diseases. As the scapegoat was led in the wilderness laden with the sins of the people, so the leper, laden, as it were, with the sicknesses of the people, is banished from the society of the Hebrews. This did not prevent sickness among the remaining people, no more than the scapegoat could cause a sinless nation. It only indicated to the people that the Lord was both merciful and righteous. Aaron, in Exodus 4:6, is directed to put his hand in his bosom, and drawing it out it was leprous. The hand is external, the bosom (heart) is internal. The hand stands for the act, the life, the outward manifestation of the innerself. The hand became leprous, showing the heart is corrupt by leprosy of sin. Impurity is not external only but internal as well.

Why now was leprosy chosen out of other diseases of the day to represent sin? Who can say, but would not a most loathsome disease lend itself best to be typical of sin and sickness? Would not the gross deformities of leprosy give people a far deeper impression of the uncleanness of disease and sin than other diseases little affecting the periphery? Man's character is expressed on his face. If so, there is probably nobody so repulsive as a leper. They seem indifferent to your kindness and

they seem stupid and apathetic to anything worth while. What other disease would be more readily avoided by those not affected than leprosy, which can be detected so easily and is abhorred so generally.

Another consideration bearing on the question why leprosy was not thought of so much as *contagious* as *unclean*, is the fact that the lepers were to call "unclean, unclean," if they should meet any one. It was not, don't touch me or you will become a leper, but rather, don't touch me or you will be *unclean*. Not contagious in the sense of getting the disease, but contagious in the sense of becoming unclean was thought of constantly. To touch a leper carried with it the penalty of being unclean, and hence temporarily debarred from the society of Israel. "The orientals considered leprosy the one specially unclean disease, which required not healing but cleansing," says A. W. F. Blunt in Hastings Bible Dictionary, 1918. This seems quite in harmony with what we read about the disease in both the Old and New Testament.

Before ending this discussion we state a few objections usually raised against "Zaarath" as being identical with leprosy. We also attempt to answer some of those objections:

1. Bible leprosy could be healed where leprosy cannot be healed. In answer let us say that the books of Moses do not say that the disease is spontaneously cured. Its laws are especially given to enable the priest to diagnose true Zaarath from

those diseases they seemed like in its onset. Besides, since disease was considered a punishment for sin it was also possible for the Lord to heal the disease and in such cases of divine intervention the priest would have the hygienic code of Moses to go by in order that the cured leper might be admitted into Israel's fellowship again. For the temporary isolated, and after the disease was diagnosed, for the permanent isolation was the law given especially and only incidentally for those cured.

2. The dropping off of parts of the extremities is not mentioned as a symptom of the disease. In answer let us say that this symptom is a rather late symptom. Long before that symptom occurred the cases ought to be recognized. At that stage any one can recognize leprosy. Moses' law, like most isolation laws, pertains to the early symptoms. As soon as possible must the "unclean" be removed from the camp of Israel.

3. Numbness is not mentioned in the Pentateuch. True it is, but numbness is a subjective symptom. By objective symptoms the priest was to decide on the disease. Not what the patient says or claims to experience, but what the priest objectively sees in the patient will determine whether or not he is unclean. Not the patient, but the priest decides. This rule still holds true in modern diagnostic methods.

4. Nothing is mentioned in Scripture until the people of Israel came from Egypt. This to us seems rather in favor than against the theory that Zaar-

ath and present day leprosy are identical. From secular history we gather that leprosy seemed first known in Egypt. The Egyptian medicine men understood the disease, coming constantly in contact with it. Moses was instructor in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, medicine included. Other sanitary methods Moses lays down only show his knowledge in medicine. That Moses in the Pentateuch does not go into detail of the symptoms is no wonder. The law was written for the people. For them the first and simple symptoms as the shining scaly skin is of more importance to diagnose early than the later symptom of absorption of members and peripheral nerve degeneration. Up to the time of Abraham's call, but especially after the law was given on the Mount, Israel was not especially holy above other nations. The laws of clean and unclean did not include leprosy and hence one does not see why it should be especially mentioned before that time, no more than any other disease is mentioned.

Today both medical men and theologians are still divided as to whether the Hebrew Zaarath is the same as the present-day leprosy. Some think the Biblical leprosy was vitilego or leucoderma, others that it was elephantiasis or chronic syphilis, although records of syphilis were not known to the civilized world until a much later date. Like all other phases of leprosy we may have to leave the question unsettled. Personally, I believe that Moses describes a definite disease—a disease which corre-

In need of your help

sponds to what we today call leprosy, although the symptoms may not be the same.

It is, furthermore, not by chance as I see it, that no trace of so terrible a disease as the book of Leviticus calls Zaarath translated in our English as leprosy, should be left today, either among the Jews or any other nation, and on the other hand an equally queer phenomenon that today in all eastern countries the disease now well known as leprosy is feared by all nations as unclean, that in practically every country the natives attribute it to some divine punishment and that sufferers from this dread disease are banished from society. This, too, I think pleads for the supposition that the disease has had an uninterrupted course all through history and that its supposed unfitness to remain a member of society may date back to a common origin augmented by the awfulness of the disease itself.

Some maintain that Zaarath (leprosy) of the Old Testament includes a variety of skin diseases, but the whole description of the symptoms seems to be in variance to this idea.

After this short description of the Biblical aspect of leprosy, we now come to leprosy as we see it today. Many readers of the Bible get from the description of leprosy an erroneous idea of leprosy as you see it today. This is manifest when the average preacher speaks on the Lord healing the leper.

For that reason we give you a description of a leper and illustrate leprosy with various pictures.

LEPROSY TODAY

How does a leper appear? Do not think of him as white as snow. He may have white spots on him, he may not.

Leprosy begins frequently with spots of numbness somewhere on the body. A prick of a pin or a cut of a knife is not felt in such spots. The patient cannot detect in such spots either heat or cold. This numbness is frequently preceded by pain over the area and is followed by a loss of original color of the skin. Sometimes red patches of skin appear. The skin becomes thick and often glossy. If, besides this, the physician can detect that the nerves are thickened he is quite sure it is the first stage of leprosy.

In the picture you see the first symptom of leprosy in a patch of thickened, glistening skin over the left eye and on the left elbow. The patches are about one month old.

With these symptoms the patient begins to notice that he has certain places where he does not perspire and these are near the leprous patches.

All this is but a beginning of his trouble. He does not appear very sick. He can work and looks no different from his fellow man. If he could be treated at this stage he might be cured and later on be set free among his people without being noticed.

If not treated, dirty sores and ulcers begin to form, usually on the spots we spoke of, for here the body receives poor blood supply and poor nerve

supply. Usually such ulcers are seen on the feet and hands but may occur on any part of the body.

The patient begins to look bad and begins to smell bad. The smell of a leper cannot be forgotten.

Looking at a leper's face you now begin to see the skin bunching together at places and deep wrinkles forming between them. Especially about the eyes, forehead and ears does the skin swell, giving to the leper the appearance of a lion face. Now you can not only see and smell the leper, but you can feel the nodular skin of his face.

His fingers are apt to disappear. Sometimes they drop off, but more often they just seem to disappear, just seem to be absorbed by the body itself and only stubs of fingers and hands, of toes and feet remain.

By this time the nose is already ulcerous, the eyes become sore and may go on to blindness, the eyelids and muscles of the face may become paralyzed, eyelashes and eyebrows fall out. His throat becomes hoarse and you can now not only feel, see and smell the leper, but you can hear his rasping voice. And if you stay with him for some time you even imagine a peculiar taste in your mouth, probably due to the odor. All the senses of the well person are engaged in the detection of the leper, the unclean person in your neighborhood. Could any disease be more typical of the hideousness of sin?

Leprosy is a disease which may last for many, many years. The leper usually dies from some

other disease. His health being greatly impaired by leprosy, he can not stand the attack of other diseases as well as a healthy person could. If the disease goes on to the end of its course it leaves the patient terribly deformed.

Owing to the fact that some patients develop only nerve symptoms and others have greatly swollen patches of skin, we usually speak of leprosy as either of the nerve type or of the nodular type. You may also find cases having symptoms of both. Such might be called mixed leprosy.

In all these cases the microscope finds the bacillus of leprosy in the ulcers or affected skin patches.

A look at some of the pictures will convince the reader that leprosy is a dreadful disease.

Squint Eyes

CHAPTER XIX

WHAT CHINA DOES FOR THEM

CHINA is said to have about one million lepers or about one-half of all the lepers of the world. With all these it has had probably less organized work to rid itself of leprosy than any other country. The leper problem becomes very acute, therefore, in China, not only for China itself, but also for other countries because of its trade and relationship with China.

A glance at the map we have drawn to help the reader get some idea of the places where leprosy is found in China, shows some very interesting things. It shows, for instance, that leprosy occurs in areas. By this we mean that you may have a certain limited district where hundreds of lepers are found and all around it for miles and miles you may not see any except a traveling leper who originally hailed from such a leper area. To illustrate, in the neighborhood of Jukao, Kiangsu, not far

from Shanghai, are found hundreds of lepers, who were born in that section, contracted the disease there and are still there. If you get outside of this section, say forty of fifty miles, very few lepers are found. It is for this reason that some mission hospitals in China rarely see a leper and others, again, are compelled to erect leper asylums to care for these virtual outcasts. Why leprosy is found in areas is not known. These areas are apparently fairly stationary. They have been leper areas for years and years back in history. In the dry north there are fewer lepers than in the warm and sultry atmosphere of the south and east. In the southern provinces the disease spreads almost throughout the whole country, whereas in Kiangsu, Kansu, Shantung, and Hunan only limited areas of leprosy are found. Some provinces in the north are practically free from it.

The Chinese people take different attitudes towards lepers. Since many a leper becomes a beggar, many Chinese treat them with indifference. The Chinese are not afraid of lepers as we are. To them the leper is repulsive, but not contagious. He is usually allowed on the streets and freely moves from town to town and from province to province if he so chooses. If a certain place does not want a leper, it will send him away, and groups of lepers are prohibited by force from entering a city.

Practically all through China the leper becomes a kind of social outcast. In some places, especially in the south, there was so much dread of leprosy

and hostility to the lepers, that various more or less successful attempts have been made in killing them off.

Recently we met a missionary from Central Africa who said that in their section leprosy was called "the disease from God." The Korean also thinks of it as a direct curse of God for some sin. The Chinese usually attribute it to divine punishment. This idea has helped to make the leper an outcast.

A governor in a province of China issued an invitation some years ago to all lepers to come to a great reception and on arrival all were marched to a pit, shot, and burned. He felt that this was the best way to rid China of leprosy.

To help the leper little is done. Wealthy lepers can call in the Chinese doctor, but little real help is given. We know of no special philanthropic work done exclusively by Chinese except the recently organized Chinese Mission to Lepers. We know of Chinese Christian physicians who have been giving free treatment to lepers and in their Christian compassion for them have held out the helping hand to these unfortunate ones in the name of Jesus.

Several Chinese have contracted leprosy in other lands and thus been the cause of spread of leprosy, especially in the East. Nothing was done by the Chinese government to check it in the past, nor to bring lepers back to their own land if found suffering with leprosy in foreign lands.

Let me tell you a story:

In a green field in one of our eastern states is a grave with a stone marker, on which are written the words:

MOCK SEN
Died December 23, 1908
Age 24 Years
Matthew 8:3

Why this lone grave with this peculiar name and a still more wonderful text? This grave is the final resting place of a Chinese who, after he came to this country, was discovered to have leprosy, and since it tells you how he was cared for in our country before the days we even had a beautiful sanitarium as we have now in Carville, Louisiana, I will tell you this leper's story to lead up to the discussion of what can be done for leprosy, both in curing it and in checking its spread.

Several years ago a leper was found in a Chinese restaurant in one of our eastern cities. An attempt was made to send him back to China, but as soon as it was known that he was a leper, no railroad would sell him a ticket. A box car could not even be gotten for him. No ship would take him. No hospital would treat him. People everywhere were afraid of him—and yet he was there. What could be done?

After much discussion the local board of health decided to build a house for him, feed him, and care for him as carefully as possible, but he must be segregated. A neat little hut was built, a garden

large enough in which to raise some vegetables was provided and a guard was placed in charge of him. Plenty of food was given him, together with all the things that might make his life comfortable. His pets were his ducks. The green fields about him were his dominion, above him was heaven, yet he was locked up in a strange land.

Missionary workers would come to him, bring him some Chinese Christian literature, explain to him the Bible, and would talk to him of the Lord Jesus Christ. Soon he began to trust the Lord as his own Saviour. It was a joy to his otherwise miserable life. He had found now what he had never known in his well days. Yet he was lonesome in a foreign land. He could not be buried in his home country, which is the desire of all Chinese out of their native land.

Christmas time came and the Christians made a cheerful Christmas day for him by providing him with many nice things, bringing cheer to him in his lonely life and telling him of Jesus, in whom he had found such a wonderful Saviour.

He was slowly on growing more sick. Not only did he have leprosy, but he also had tuberculosis. He might have lived many years with proper treatment, if he had only leprosy, but with tuberculosis besides he could not be expected to live much longer.

Missionaries who came from China on furlough now and then were asked to see him and tell him of his own land and of the Lord.

A Typical Leper—See furrows in his face.

A poor creature that has wandered and begged until the disease has gotten the best of him. Even here we can arrest and hold in check the progress.

It seemed wonderful to him when one missionary came to tell him of his own family and relatives. They could not shake hands together, but in a real Chinese fashion, so well understood by the missionary, each one shook hands with himself. Mock Sen clasped his own hands as did the missionary.

During the summer of the following year Mock Sen's tuberculosis was growing worse. How he longed to have the joy of another Christmas. As the day drew nearer his condition grew worse. He could not get up any more, but in front of the open door of his cottage he waited for the guard to bring his food and medicine and—to look for Christmas. Christian friends in the city had prepared his Christmas for him, but the Christ-child, now in the glories of heaven, had also prepared it. On Christmas day the church people brought Mock Sen's Christmas presents, but he had gone to be with Christ—to enjoy a Christmas as he had never experienced.

Mock was buried in the potter's field. The pastor who had baptized him also held his funeral service and the Christmas present sent by the church in the form of a Christmas tree was placed on his grave. He had asked to be buried in the green field about his cottage, but it could not be granted at the time.

Mock Sen was only a leper, but he had a heart, and only a man with a heart, and especially with the love of God in his heart, knows how the Gospel

of Jesus Christ can speak to the heart, can cheer the heart.

After a few years Mock Sen's body was removed in a hermetically sealed casket to the green fields he had asked to be buried in and the above marker tells the place. Christian friends provided for it all.

How different was this Christian spirit shown Mock Sen in this land than the spirit of his own people generally in China. In China he would have become an outcast, a beggar. True it is, there are many lepers in China that can support themselves as long as they can work. Many have sufficient fields and possessions to keep them. Of the 200 lepers we treated these last two years only a very small percentage were beggars, but our field was known for its wealth, and many of our lepers came from the farmer class and were cared for by their families in and about the home. Yet our section is possibly an exception. In other cities we have seen them along the highway; we have seen them in groups; we have seen them—despised, cast out, begging their way through life.

CHAPTER XX

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR THEM

CAN anything be done for this disease so dreaded by mankind? Look on page 110 and see a group of people once lepers, now cured. They were discharged by my friend, Dr. Wilson of Korea, who is known the world over for what he has done for lepers. While spending a month in Korea we were able to see what had been accomplished in that land; all indicated that leprosy can be healed.

With this agrees also the Biblical record. Most of the lepers spoken of were healed. The fact that lepers could show themselves to the priests, could offer their sacrifice for cleansing shows that even in those days some lepers were cleansed. Jesus himself cleansed several lepers and gave the commission to his disciples to do likewise—hence leprosy can be cured.

Especially in these last fifty years has the Church of Christ through its various phases of mission

activities done much in seeking out a treatment for lepers.

It may interest the reader that one of the two greatest authorities on leprosy today, Dr. Ernest Muir, of the Calcutta School of Tropical Diseases, began his leper study as a missionary in the mission hospital at Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee. While we were visiting there recently in search of data on leprosy, we found only one leper there at present, but in the days when Dr. Muir was there several lepers were found there and so interested him that he decided to devote his life to the problem of leprosy.

In general it may be said that lepers can best be cared for in leper colonies. As you find lepers in all stages of the disease, all cannot be treated alike. Generally, lepers suffer considerable pain and discomfort. Cold and dampness increase their pain, hence warm homes and good clothing is a great help to them. Since they are physically under par, good food is a necessity. Since many have dirty ulcers, cleanliness should be taught. And since most of them feel keenly that they are outcast, some kind work should be given them to keep them busy and to keep their minds off from their disease.

Most lepers in the first and second stages are quite able to do work and would be glad to do something, but no one wants to hire them. Hence some provision should be made to give them some work.

Besides all this care, the patient is treated with the oil of the hydnocarpus anthelmintica, a tree growing in the East. This tree grows to about forty feet high and has a fruit on it of about the size of an orange. In this orange are seeds and from these seeds are extracted the oil that has been used for many years for leprosy. At present a greatly purified oil is used and by injecting this oil in definite doses into the skin of the leper patient at set intervals great changes take place in the appearance of the patient, and a fairly large percent of the patients become free from the lepra germ after two or three years careful treatment with this oil and with the other care given scientifically in the more modern leper colonies. Some patients take the oil internally, in some places they use oil to rub their skin with, and use soap made of this oil to wash with.

New remedies are constantly being experimented with and most interesting results have been obtained.

That something can be done for leprosy is proven by the fact that recently four hundred lepers in the Philippines were sent away from the hospital as cured; that Japan has in ten years seen its lepers reduced from 40,000 to 20,000. In Japan the government is back of all movements to help leper treatments. Other countries report that careful treatment of lepers reduces rapidly the number of lepers in a country. Something, therefore, can be done.

Is there any hope that leprosy can be checked in its spread? We have no doubt. Today governments everywhere are becoming interested in this disease; a great deal of research work is done the world over; many are receiving special training to combat this disease; and the Church is becoming more and more aware of the greatness of the task given to it in the words of the Lord, "cleanse the leper."

Brazil is sending a research committee out to study the best methods of treating the leper problem; Cuba has plans to take care of one thousand lepers. The British are planning an energetic scheme of sending all lepers of the British Islands of the South Seas to one of the islands of the Fiji group. America has one of the best leper asylums in the world on one of the Philippine islands and one at Carville, Louisiana, for our own lepers. Japan is doing most effective work in its empire; and in India the Calcutta School of Medicine has been a leader in the scientific investigation of leprosy by men who are Christians as well as scientists.

Christian people have banded together in various organizations to give not only healing but help of various kinds to the lepers. The Moravians, the Salvation Army, the Mission to Lepers, as well as various denominational missions have opened clinics, asylums and colonies for the care of lepers.

Do not think that all this talk on leprosy is but the result of the personal hobby of someone or an-

other. It has become an international problem. Our own country is said to have about 300 known cases. Our own country has opened a well equipped hospital, where everything known to be good for lepers is being given to those living there. Our government has a special research station for leprosy in the Hawaiian island, from where much hope has gone forth for these pitiful sufferers.

The League of Nations has taken the leper question under consideration and the following has been suggested:

1. To spread in the main centers of leprosy modern knowledge regarding the disease in order that measures will be taken that may effectively restrict infection.

2. To promote and assist investigation into the treatment of leprosy.

3. To endeavor with the aid of specialists to elucidate the mechanism of infection, an exact knowledge of which is indispensable as a national basis for prophylaxis.

4. To arrange for the exchange of specialists between countries in which leprosy exists and organize special leprosy research centers.

5. To promote and assist the publication of an international review, the special purpose of which would be to spread knowledge concerning leprosy.

6. To promote international legislation with the object of preventing the transmission of leprosy from one country to another.

Sister and brother, ages 13 and 17.
This shows how the disease makes old people from children if not treated.

We have pointed out how the leper can be treated with hopeful results. We must still speak of how others can be protected. This is at present best accomplished by the old method of segregation.

About 4,000 years ago the Lord ordered the leper *out of the camp.* This was isolation and segregation. It was in line with the Old Testament teaching of a holy nation to be separated from the world. The New Testament adds an additional charge, it is to treat the leper, to effect his cure and to segregate until his cure. Jesus did not send the leper to the priest until his cure. Wherever segregation or isolation of the leper has been resorted to, leprosy decreased rapidly. In the Philippines ten years ago there were 10,000 lepers, now only 6,000; in the Hawaiian island the number has likewise decreased. In our recent trip through the Holy Land we would also find that leprosy by the isolation method had so affected the total number of lepers that the leper homes were not running their full capacity any more; and lepers outside of the homes were scarce indeed.

After the Crusade in Europe leprosy became very common, but by a peculiar ecclesiastical method isolation was accomplished which did much to the eradication of leprosy during the middle ages. The priests, it is said, called the lepers and preached their funeral sermon and they were then sent out as dead men, wearing a special garb. He was ordered to sound a clapper as he approached others and he was forbidden to enter any places where

non-lepers were. He might not give anything to non-lepers, nor wash his hands at public fountains. He might not answer anyone on the street except in a whisper and to live by himself or with other lepers outside of the city. He was divorced from his wife and not allowed to marry.

The best method known today to free a country from leprosy is to segregate the leper and thus protect non-lepers and at the same time it gives the best opportunity to treat the leper himself. To treat a leper in a clinic where he comes as he pleases is very unsatisfactory. In a leper colony where the supervision of the officer in charge is respected and obeyed by all the patients, a most systematic and careful treatment can be given, and investigations into the cause and cure of the disease can be carried on with much more accuracy and results.

Is it contagious? This question is repeatedly asked. Evidently the Bible had given some people the idea that leprosy was very contagious. Read your Bible again in the light of what we wrote in our first chapter of part three and you will see it was thought of as *unclean* rather than contagion that the Bible wishes to emphasize, and that held only for the Jewish people of the old dispensation. Jesus did away with that in touching the leper himself and telling his disciples "to cleanse the leper."

Leprosy is not very contagious. Only by living with lepers for a long time and probably through some open wound in the skin of a well person can the live germ of leprosy get into the skin of a

healthy person. We visited the Leper Asylum of the Moravians in Jerusalem this year and found among the lepers there two persons who had been there for years. They had been received as supposed lepers. Later on examinations proved they were not lepers. Yet it was impossible for them to get work as they were looked upon as lepers, hence, they asked to stay in the leper home to share their lives with the lepers. They eat their food, they sleep with them, associate with them, are one among them, yet during all these years are kept free from the loathsome disease they see in all forms about them. It is but very rare that any of the caretakers or foreign missionaries become lepers in their work of mercy among the lepers. Father Damien in the Sandwich Islands became a leper and Mary Reed, who is still living, is said to have contracted the disease. A few other cases are on record that make us think that it is possible to contract the disease by contact.

"Is leprosy hereditary?" you ask.

No. While visiting a leper hospital in Java I saw a leprous mother with ulcers on her face, on her body, with her fingers eaten away, with bandaged feet covering ulcers. Upon her breast and held by her stubby hands was a pretty child, a very picture of health, nursing on her leprous mother's breast. Behind the woman and child stood the father, as leprous as the mother. Usually lepers do not have many children, but this couple had three children, all well. They were taken away from the

parents very early in life and had been kept free.

In my own experience I have seen how leper children staying with their parents are apt to get leprosy, but it is yet to be determined how the disease is contracted by them. It is said that ninety per cent of the children of lepers separated from their parents early do not get leprosy. In most leper asylums lepers are not permitted to marry.

Leprosy is truly as much a part of China as the people are; and to speak of leprosy in such a book as this needs no apology, although I state that I wrote the whole book as I did with the professed purpose that the last part may not simply be read as a bit of information, but also as a source of inspiration to help China, as well as other oriental peoples, rid themselves of this most dreadful and most ancient of all diseases.

And not simply should we be inspired to help them by seeing the misery of the leper; we should even to a greater degree be inspired to extend the helping hand to the sufferers, because of the orders of the Lord himself, "cleanse the leper." The human element, the leper's sad condition, might be sufficient, but it reaches only few; the divine element, God's Will, reaches us all. And as Jesus, the great Divine Healer, is infinitely greater in his appeal than the loathsome beggar, to a like degree is the divine motive in mission work, in the leper work, infinitely more appealing than is the human.

CHAPTER XXI

CLOSING REFLECTION

I AM writing my last chapter. It is the chapter I longed for all the time and really started before I had the others finished. "End well, all is well," I've heard said. I just cannot believe it. To me *life* is all. If *it* is well, why fear the end. I want to make most of life, not of death. And yet I don't want to divorce death from life, the end from the beginning. *Both* are necessary to a complete whole.

In writing this last chapter I thought of the end of my life's journey. I am already past noontime. Forty-eight summers have gone over me. I am not yet feeble, not a worn-out old man, but I am in the afternoon of life. The evening star will soon appear. I know it. At times the thought of death only causes me to bury the thought of growing old, to brush my gray hairs aside, to keep my glasses in my pocket, to forget my decaying teeth, and to force myself to do things that have the ambition of youth in them. Then again I realize the need of

setting my house in order. At times the thought of death causes my breast to heave with holy ambition to do all the good I can in the short afternoon hours left.

The afternoon in the Orient is such a splendid time. It is not necessarily the time for hard work—oft it is the time of recreation. True it is, I often work late, burning my midnight oil, and this may be prophetic of still an evening and a midnight in my life before I go to sleep, that long sleep. But even then to the busy man the evening hours pass by so quickly and the midnight clock strikes twelve only too soon.

The vessel will not always be tossed upon the stormy waves, nor glide smoothly upon a glassy sea—it will in time enter the narrows and then into the harbor.

In the midst of sea who looks out for the homeland? There may be a longing, but the time to see, to land, has not come. How we cling to the things of this life at mid-life. Soon, however, land comes in sight. Old age, feebleness, loneliness, friendlessness, sickness, failing of the senses, loss of the desires—all of these and much more help to make the homeland, the eternal homeland, look welcome.

I still have a strange experience to pass through, if the Lord tarries. It is to pass through the experience of death. Fear it? Who does not? Yet I fear it differently than many of my fellow mortals. Many a leper who has died, for years faced it with less dread than I. I have lived, lived happy, all

alive, and still I live that way. Yet I constantly live with the thought it may not be long. No day passes, even then when my living is at its best, but what I think of the experience I expect to have when people still living will speak of me as dying. I expect to know sometime what it means to die. I expect to experience the loosing of the silver cord. To me it seems now as though it will not be a leap in the dark, but a leap in the light. Through that last experience on earth I expect to reach what I have been reaching out for all my life—the now unreached satisfaction of all worth while desires, the fellowship with unending life, love, joy, holiness, and all that may be mine so soon. I realize that anticipation of what death is from its side of terror is greater than the realization for a believer in Jesus Christ. I realize also that anticipation of what death will usher in is far less than the realization of such. Nevertheless, there is an experience to pass through as I enter death's door, and I hope I can face it calmly and get out of death what there is in it for a child of God.

This I may say as a believer in my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: I die with a promise and that promise changes all the aspects of death for me now. When you lay my body away you may write over my grave the word of the promise that cheers me now. It is the word of Jesus, "I am the resurrection and life. He that believeth in Me, though he die, shall live." That is my promise. With that promise I die. I die and yet I live. A wonderful

death, a death that gives a wonderful life. Those I leave behind will call me dead. I'll know life. Those to whom I go will welcome me in endless life. Then my life will develop unhindered, ever unfolding, ever increasing in the presence and in fellowship with God. Let the evening come. Let the shadows gather. The sun still shineth, and gives the cloud its silver fringe.

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